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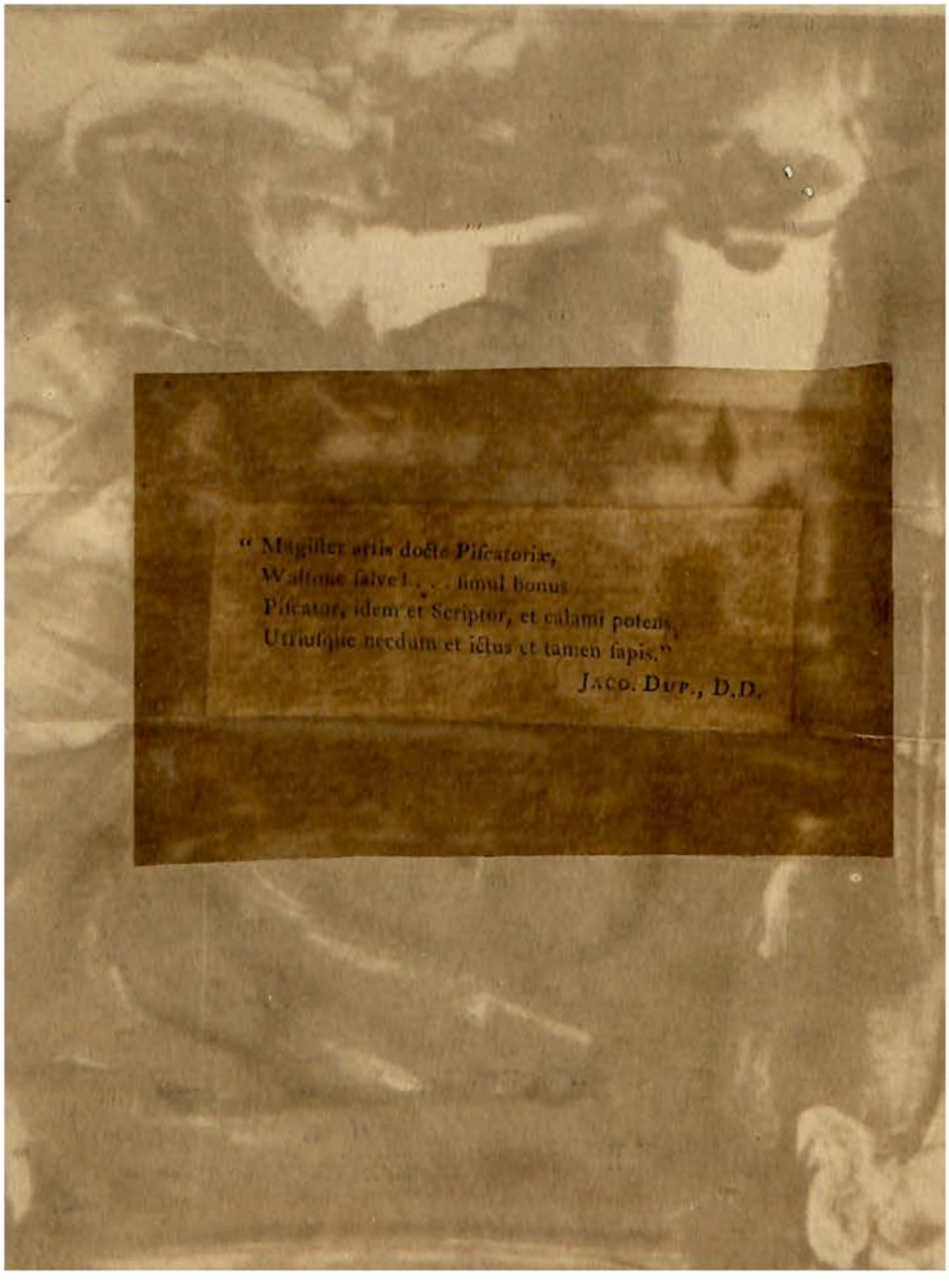
THE CHRONICLE OF THE 'COMPLEAT ANGLER.'


" Magister artis docte Piscatoriæ,
Waltone salve! . . . simul bonus
Piscator, idem et Scriptor, et calami potens,
Utriusque necdum et ictus et tamen sapis."
Jaco. Duf., D.D.

THE CHRONICLE OF

The 'Compleat Angler'

1593-1683

OF IZAAK WALTON AND

CHARLES COTTON. 1630-1686 poet

B. 1436.

BEING A BIBLIOGRAPHICAL RECORD OF ITS VARIOUS

PHASES AND MUTATIONS.

BY THOMAS WISTWOOD.

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LONDON:

WILLIS AND SOTHERAN, 136, STRAND.

1864.

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TO JOSEPH CRAWHALL, ESQ.

This Volume

IS DEDICATED IN REMEMBRANCE OF MUCH CORDIAL AND

FRIENDLY CO-OPERATION IN THE FIELD

OF BIBLIOGRAPHICAL

RESEARCH.

Preface.

WILL the bibliopoliſt forgive me, if, partly with a view to readers not abſolutely of his claſs, and partly for my own perſonal ſatisfaction, I have introduced into this *catalogue raiſonné* of the editions of the 'Compleat Angler,' certain digreſſions, which, on ſtrict bibliographical grounds, may be deemed irrelevant. The fact is, that the work in queſtion lends itſelf, leſs than moſt, to a mere technical and matter-of-fact recapitulation. It is eſſentially a book to be loved, and to be diſcourſed of lovingly. The companion of our boyhood, the delight of our maturer years, England's one perfect Paſtoral—it is difficult, in ſumming up its revivals, and telling the tale of its ſucceſſes, not to be tempted, occaſionally, out of the duſty highway of liſt-making, into thoſe ſinuous mea-dow-paths of goſſip and garrulity, that ſeem ſo much more germane to the matter.

Preface.

There are few lovers of old books, beſides—nay, few readers of any kind, in whom the 'Compleat Angler' does not, I am fain to believe, excite ſome pleaſant reminiſcence, or touch the chord of ſome tender aſſociation.

It is ſo with me, at leaſt. My firſt knowledge of the book connects itſelf with an early and happy epoch of my life, and with the memory of a great and good friend, long ſince gathered to his reſt. I allude to Charles Lamb, at the feet of which Gamaliel, in the days of his Enfield ſojourning, it was my frequent privilege to ſit, a boyiſh but reverent diſciple, and to drink in, with inſatiate ears, the inſpired talk of ſuch a conclave of goſſips as has never, perhaps, been collected under one roof, ſince Shakeſpeare, and Ben Jonſon, and Beaumont, and other demi-gods of that heroic day, made the rafters of the Mermaid ring with their divine wit and merriment.

Alas! that of that genial Enfield circle of choice ſpirits, not one ſhould be left! Coleridge, Wilſon, Wordſworth, Hazlitt, Barry Cornwall, Hunt, Hood—in the very enumeration of their names, I feel as if ſomething of myſelf had died out with each—ſome warmth of life grown chill—ſome ſunſhine of the ſoul faded for ever!

"All, all are gone, the old familiar faces!"

But to revert to Walton. In the ragged regiment of Lamb's book-tatterdemalions (a regiment I was permitted to manœuvre at will, though not much taller at the time than its talleſt folio), was an early copy of the 'Compleat Angler,'[1] I believe (for thoſe were not bibliomaniacal days,) Hawkins' edition of 1760. This was my chief treaſure, my pearl of price; and, perched on the forked branch of an ancient apple-tree, in the little overgrown orchard, and at an elevation from which I could almoſt catch a glimpſe of the marſhy levels of the Lea itſelf, it was my delight to ſally forth with Piſcator, on that perennial[2] May morning, to dib with him

[1] In a letter to Coleridge, dated 28th Oct., 1796, Lamb ſays: "Among all your quaint readings, did you ever light upon Walton's Complete Angler? I aſked you the queſtion once before; it breathes the very ſpirit of innocence, purity, and ſimplicity of heart; there are many choice old verſes interſperſed in it; it would ſweeten a man's temper at any time to read it; it would Chriſtianize every diſcordant angry paſſion: pray make yourſelf acquainted with it."

[2] Speaking of the perennialneſs of great writers' conceptions, and referring more particularly to Chaucer, Mrs. Browning ſays finely: "He knew the ſecret of nature and art—that truth is beauty,—and ſaying, "I will make A Wife of Bath, as well as Emilie, and you ſhall remember her as long," we do remember her as long. And he ſent us a train of pilgrims, each with a diſtinct individuality apart from the pilgrimage, all the way from Southwark and the Tabard Inn

for " logger-headed chub," to liſten to his diſcourſe, to learn his ſongs by heart, to ſtore up his precepts, and to ſteep my boyiſh mind in the pictureſque darkneſs of his manifold ſuperſtitions.[1]

Though no angler himſelf, Lamb was a lover of angling books, and I well remember his relating to me, as he paced to and fro, a quaint, ſcholaſtic figure, under the apple-tree aforeſaid, how he had pounced upon his early copy, in ſome ramſhackled repoſitory of marine ſtores, and how grievous had been his diſappointment in finding that its unlikely-looking owner knew as much of its mercantile value as himſelf.

This is *my* aſſociation, dear Reader; doubtleſs you can pair it off with one, perhaps many, of your own.

And, having thus attempted to juſtify my diſcurſiveneſs, by force of ſentiment, if on no better grounds, I

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to Canterbury and Becket's ſhrine: and their laughter comes never to an end, and their talk goes on with the ſtars, and all the railroads which may interſect the ſpoilt earth for ever, cannot huſh the " tramp, tramp," of their horſes' feet."—*The Greek Chriſtian Poets and the Engliſh Poets*, p. 112.

[1] Lamb alſo poſſeſſed a copy of one of Bagſter's reprints, much eſteemed by him on account of its plates, ſome clever copies of which, by his adopted daughter, Emma Iſola, (the " Iſola Bella whom the poets love," of Barry Cornwall's ſonnet), ornamented the walls of his ſitting-room.

will venture to make a few cloſing obſervations on angling books in general.

The popular acceptation of what would ſeem to be a ſpecial and profeſſional claſs of literature, is, of courſe, accountable for only by the character of the works compoſing it, and the ſterling merits of many of their writers. The ſport, let its maligners ſay what they will, is eminently conducive to contemplation. While the huntſman gallops acroſs country, heedleſs of everything ſave his horſe's pace, and his hounds' ſcent, the angler follows the meanders of ſome woodland brook,

"Counting the dewy pebbles, loſt in thought."

His ſoul opens to all the influences of Nature, and he becomes aware (if he is not the worſt of Cockneys), that under her high trees, and by her ſinging ſtreams, ſhe is evermore buſy "inditing of many a lovely poem—her 'Flower and Leaf,' on this ſide—her 'Cuckoo and the Nightingale,' on that—her 'Paradiſe of Dainty Devices,' in and out among the vallies—her 'Poly-olbion,' away acroſs the hills—her 'Britannia's Paſtorals,' on the home meadows—her ſonnets of tufted primroſes—her lyrical outguſhings of May bloſſoming—her epical and didactical ſolemnities of light and ſhadow."

All theſe, while his creel is filling, or when he retreats

at noontide to the "duſky boſkage of the wood," the angler gathers in unconſciouſly, and ſtores up in his heart of hearts, and out of theſe, and ſuch as theſe, are his books made. Hence their many-ſidedneſs and power of adaptation to various taſtes, ſo that, while the hunting or hawking treatiſe is uſually but a mere *omnium gatherum* of recipe and formula, the book of fiſhing acknowledges no ſuch ring-fence, and diſcourſing of baits and tackle on one page, on the next it diſhes you up a ſavoury meſs of philoſophy or ſcience, poetry or theology, as the caſe may be.

For a high and pure code of ſporting morals, for inſtance, revert to that ancienteſt tome of all,[1] the "Treatyſe of Fyſſhynge wyth an Angle," in the brown old 'Book of St. Albans.' For poetry of great mark and likelihood, unclaſp that precious and rare volume (one of the rareſt, ſays Beloe, in Engliſh literature), the "Secrets of Angling," by J. D[ennys], Lord of the Manor of Owlbury-ſur-montem. Or, if you are a ſtickler for recent rhymes, croon to yourſelf as you wend ſtreamward, while the lark winnows its way through ſilvery miſt, and

> "From leaf to leaf the ſoul o' the wind
> Seems ſliding with the dew—"

[1] In a piſcatorial ſenſe.

one or other of the "Newcaſtle Fiſhers' Garlands,"[1] a ſeries of lyrics leſs known than they deſerve, and which contain ſome as racy and lilting ſtanzas as any in our tongue.

[1] The collection of Garlands referred to have, as poems, a claim on our critical recognition, apart from their mere angling ſignificance. They are hearty, genial, vigorous compoſitions, of a ſtrictly local growth, and replete with local colouring and imagery—veritable north-country lyrics, both in ſentiment and accentuation.

Though monotonous in ſubject, they are very various in treatment, and many are the chords ſtruck in them between the extremes of the humorous and pathetic. As metrical eſſays, alſo, they have great merit; muſical and harmonious in their cadences, when ſofter themes are touched, in ſtronger moods there is a rough bluſter in their rhythm, as of a Northumbrian wind that has battled with crags and ſcars. Coquet is not more changeful than they. They ripple athwart the ſhallows, purl and prattle amongſt the pebbles, grow ſteady and maſterful in the deep pools, and ruſh, headlong, down the currents. "They are Coquet all over," ſays Doubleday, one of their writers—adding, too modeſtly, that it is their chief merit. The love of Coquet is, in fact, the motive ſpring of moſt of theſe poems, certainly of all the beſt of them, and even a ſtranger, who has never ſet eyes on that beautiful ſtream, is made to feel, through their ſtanzas, ſomething of the witchery it exerciſes on thoſe who haunt its banks.

That the habit of theſe annual lyrics ſhould have fallen into deſuetude from the year 1845 to the preſent time (when a new and improved edition, with continuations, is about to appear), muſt be matter of regret to every lover of the gentle craft and of the joyous ſcience. It died out with the little knot of cheerful, enthuſiaſtic, genial-minded men, its originators, men who ſang the praiſes of Coquet as by ſimple vocation, and whoſe hearts pulſed to the pulſing of their favourite

For theology, on the other hand, have we not, *inter alia*, the work under review; and for ſcience, Davy and his "Salmonia;" and Yarrell, angler and naturaliſt in one; and our lateſt "angler-naturaliſt," Cholmondeley Pennell: to ſay nothing of the ancients—Aldrovandus of Bologna, and Roman Salviani, and Swiſs Geſner, in whoſe ichthyological folios, a frequent chapter, "*capiendi ratio*," finds quaint inſertion.

And if this be not enough, travels by ſea and land, adventures, perils, "hair-breadth 'ſcapes"—you may find them all within the range of the angler's book-ſhelf, ſo that we ceaſe to wonder at the fact, that, in almoſt every large and miſcellaneous library (even where the owners are not profeſſed Piſcatorians), a nucleus of angling-books forms an important and eſteemed feature.

Much more might be ſaid on this topic, and indeed

ſtream, till death ſevered the union. Peace be to their memory! and honour, and the love of all true anglers! Coquet may be a brave ſtream, but they have enhanced its bravery; about all its turns and windings, along its ſheep-dotted haughs, amongſt its rocks and boulders, wherever the trout dimples the eddies, and the midge and the "red-heckle" fall like thiſtle-down on its pools, ſhall linger, henceforth and for ever, the memory of their Garlands, lending a human charm and a new glory, neither "of wood nor water born," to the miracle of its fairneſs.

the hiſtory of angling literature, which has yet to be written, would be neither an unprofitable nor untempting taſk, beckoning the ſtudent, as it does, away from the more beaten path of letters, and pointing to ſequeſtered nooks, of the freſhneſs and quaintneſs of which the uninitiated are little aware. Let us hope that at no diſtant epoch, ſome capable and perſevering pioneer may undertake that pilgrimage, and ſummon us to tell our beads at ſhrines that have been too long forſaken.

It only remains for me to add, that I truſt my little work may prove an uſeful manual to the Waltonian collector, to whoſe indulgence I appeal, as a ſhield for its ſhortcomings.

T. W.

May-day, 1864.

THE

Chronicle of the 'Compleat Angler' of Izaak Walton and Charles Cotton.

First Edition, 1653.[1]

THE apparition of the 'Compleat Angler,' in the year of grace and revolution, 1653, formed an antitheſis in itſelf, to which the almoſt immediate ſale of the entire edition gave increaſed point and emphaſis. Corydon piping, you might ſay, *tenui avenâ*, amongſt the horſe-hoofs and athwart the lances . . . the moſt peaceful of Paſtorals uſhered into and accepted by the world at the

[1] "The Compleat Angler, or the Contemplative Man's Recreation: Being a Diſcourſe of Fiſh and Fiſhing, not unworthy the peruſal of moſt *Anglers*.

"Simon Peter *ſaid, I go a* fiſhing; *and they ſaid, We alſo wil go with thee.* John 21, 3.

"*London*, Printed by *T. Maxey* for Rich. Marriot, in *S. Dunſtans* Churchyard Fleetſtreet. 1653."

The above title, as our readers are aware, conſiſts of an engraved ſcroll, with dolphins above and below, and cluſters of fiſh pendant on either ſide.

In the centre of the ſcroll is inſerted, "The Compleat Angler or the Contemplative Man's Recreation."

The reſt of the title, coming under the ſcroll, is printed.

ſtormieſt and moſt turbulent of times! Quiet-hearted men there muſt ſtill have been in England, whoſe feet never ceaſed to bruſh the dew from meadow and river bank—who, while houſe was divided againſt houſe, and hand raiſed againſt hand, ſtill ſought their paſtime and philoſophy in their accuſtomed haunts, and ſeated under honeyſuckle hedges in the heat of the day, ſcanned the pages of the "Contemplative Man's Recreation," while the river rippled and the throſtle piped, or ſummed up their ſport at nightfall, in wayſide hoſtels, ſuch as the father of the craft was wont to eulogiſe, with a buckſome hoſteſs to bid them welcome, "lavender in the windows," and "twenty ballads ſtuck againſt the wall" . . . A pleaſant ſide picture enough, if contraſted with the diſcord and deſolation going on elſewhere—with the hurtling (almoſt within earſhot, perchance,) of hoſtile ſquadron with ſquadron—the "thund of the captains and the ſhouting," and the "garments rolled blood."

It was about the merry month of May, the angler's month *par excellence*, that this book, the various phaſes and meta morphoſes of which we have undertaken to chronicle, wa advertiſed in the broad-ſheets of the day as "newly extant, at eighteen-pence price."[1]

And we may picture to ourſelves, if we will, the ſober-

[1] In the "Perfect Diurnall" (Lond. 4to. p. 2716), it was thus announced, from Monday, May 9th, to Monday, May 16th, 1653:—

"The Compleat Angler or the Contemplative Man's Recreation, being a Diſcourſe of Fiſh and Fiſhing, not unworthy the peruſal of moſt Anglers, of 18 pence price. Written by Iz. Wa. Alſo the known Play of the Spaniſh

coated fraternity of the angle wending, one by one, through the crowd of four-faced Puritans, up the great thoroughfare of Fleet Street, to purchaſe at Maſter Richard Marriot's the new treatiſe on a ſport that had found few chroniclers[1] hitherto, but which was deſtined to date its royalty from that very epoch and that very publication.

Gipſee, never till now publiſhed. Both printed for Richard Marriot, to be ſold at his ſhop in St. Dunſtans Church-yard, Fleet Street."

In the "Mercurius Politicus" (Lond. 4to. p. 2470), from Thurſday, May 12th, to Thurſday, May 19th, 1653:—"There is newly extant a Book of 18*d.* price, called the Compleat Angler," &c. &c.

[1] Not ſo few, however, as is ſtated by Hawkins, who, in his firſt reprints, limits the number of antecedent angling works to four, and eventually to five, viz., "The Treatyſe of Fyſſhynge wyth an Angle," forming part of the Book St. Albans, 1496. Leonard Maſcall's "Booke of fiſhing with Hooke and ne," 1590. Taverner's "Certaine Experiments concerning Fiſh and vite," 1600. Dennys' "Secrets of Angling," 1613, and Barker's "Art Angling," 1651.

To theſe may be added Gryndall's "Havvking, Hunting, Fouling and ſhing, with the true Meaſures of Blovving," 1596. Dubravius's "Neue ooke of good Huſbandry," 1599. "La Maiſon Ruſtique," 1600. The Briefe Treatiſe of Fiſhing, with the Art of Angling," included in the 'Jevvell for Gentrie," 1614, and Markham's "Young Sportſman's Inſtructor," *circa* 1652.

But it muſt be borne in mind that of the above, the tracts, both of Maſcall and Gryndall, and the "Briefe Treatiſe of Fiſhing," are but re-iſſues, with variations, of portions of the Book of St. Albans, and that Taverner and Dubravius limit their inſtructions to the treatment of fiſh in ponds.

"That there may have been other treatiſes on the ſport, ſince loſt to the world, ſeems probable from the fact that Walton, in his letter to Venables, given in the "Experienc'd Angler" (1662), ſpeaks of having "read and practiſed by *many* books of this kind before made public;" and in the 'Compleat Angler' (Chap. xii., p. 228, firſt edition), quotes what he calls "an old Rhime

A ſmall ſquare duodecimo, clad in a modeſt overcoat of brown calf—ſuch were the form and faſhion of the book as it firſt appeared. Not a noticeable book, amongſt others, by any means, and yet ſuperior to moſt of its claſs in point of adornment, by virtue of thoſe plates of fiſh, which the author thought it juſt to endorſe with his approval,[1] and which are, indeed, very daintily and delicately handled.

There is no name attached to theſe engravings, but they are aſcribed, with a great ſhow of probability, to the noted French engraver, Pierre Lombart, at that time reſident in this country, and whoſe talent was moſtly devoted to book illuſtration. Sir Harris Nicolas, though giving the preference to Lombart, ſuggeſts, at the ſame time, as poſſible candidates for the honour, Faithorne or Vaughan.[2]

The belief, current formerly, that they were wrought

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out of an old Fiſh Book," on the origin of which no light has hitherto be thrown.

John Hockenhull, on the other hand, in his "Pleaſant Hexameter Ver in Praiſe of Mr. Barker's Book of Angling," aſks,—

"Markham, *Ward*, Lawſon, dare you with Barker now compare?"

Can any modern Œdipus inform us who was Ward, and what his right to be aſſociated with Markham and Lawſon?

1 "And let me adde this, that he that likes not the diſcourſe ſhould like the pictures of the Trout and other fiſh, which I may commend, becauſe they concern not myſelf."—"To the Reader of this Diſcourſe." Firſt Edition.

2 For biographical and other particulars reſpecting theſe artiſts, ſee Bryan's "Dictionary of Painters and Engravers," Bohn, 1858.

Some mention of Lombart occurs alſo in Evelyn's "Sculptura, or the Hiſtory and Art of Chalcography and Engraving in Copper," 1662.

plates of ſilver, ſeems negatived by the fact of their having ſerved for no leſs than five editions of 'The Compleat Angler,' and the ſame number of Venables' 'Experienc'd Angler,' an amount of durability of which ſilver plates would hardly have been capable.

Sir John Hawkins, on the contrary, in his fourth edition (1784), ſays, "there is great reaſon to ſuppoſe that the plates were of *ſteel*."[1]

The fiſh illuſtrated in this edition are the trout, pike, carp, tench, perch and barbel. The work conſiſts of thirteen chapters, extending to 246 pages,[2] and the interlocutors are but two, Piſcator and Venator.

Copies of this edition, though rare at the preſent time, ſeem to have been ſtill more ſo, as far as available purpoſes went, at the period of Hawkins' firſt re-iſſues, for that Editor not only confeſſes that he had never met with the ſecond edition,[3] but leaves it to be inferred that the firſt and third had equally eſcaped his reſearch. Thus he aſſerts erroneouſly, that "the 'Compleat Angler' *came into the world attended by laudatory verſes by ſeveral writers of that day*," and fixes the date of the third edition at "about 1660."

The genus angling-book collector exiſted, in fact, at the

[1] "Life of Mr. Izaak Walton," p. xiii.

[2] Sigs. A 2 to R 3 in eights; 14 preliminary pages, conſiſting of Dedication, Addreſs to the Reader, and Table of Contents.

[3] "Life of Mr. Izaak Walton," p. xxviii. 1760. In the edition of 1784 the avowal in queſtion is ſuppreſſed; but there is no internal evidence that he had been more ſucceſsful in his ſearch at that period.

epoch in queſtion only in embryo, and not a few copies, we may ſuppoſe, were lying *perdu* on high ſhelves and in out-of-the-way corners, unappreciated, if not altogether forgotten.

Paſſing out of faſhion, the book had alſo paſſed out of ſight; but the divining-rod of bookſeller and bibliopoliſt was ſoon to do its work,[1] and whatever copies ſtill exiſt have been tranſ-

[1] "It is a curious phenomenon in the old book trade," ſays Mr. Burton, in his amuſing volume, "The Book-Hunter," "that rarities do not always remain rare; volumes ſeeming to multiply through ſome cryptogamic proceſs, when we know perfectly that no additional copies are printed and thrown off. The fact is that the rumour of ſcarcity and value and of a hunt after them, draws them from their hiding-places. If we may judge from the eſteem in which they were once held, the Elzevirs muſt have been great rarities in this country, but they are now plentiful enough—the heavy prices in the Britiſh market having no doubt ſucked them out of dingy repoſitories in Germany and Holland, ſo that even in this department of commerce the law of ſupply and demand is not entirely abrogated. He who daſhes at all the books called rare, or even very rare, by Clement and his brethren, will be apt to ſuffer the keen diſappointment of finding that there are many who participate with him in the poſſeſſion of the ſame treaſures. In fact, let a book but make its appearance in that author's "Bibliothèque Curieuſe, Hiſtorique et Critique, ou Catalogue Raiſonné de Livres difficiles à trouver," or in Graeſſe's "Tréſor de Livres Rares et Précieux,"—let it be mentioned as a rarity in Ebert's "Allegemeines Bibliographiſches Lexicon," or in Debure, Oſmond, or the "Repertorium Bibliographicum,"—ſuch proclamation is immediate notice to many fortunate poſſeſſors who were no more aware of the value of their dingy-looking volumes, than Monſieur Jourdain knew himſelf to be in the habitual daily practice of talking proſe."—P. 211.

That copies of the early editions of the 'Compleat Angler' have been multiplied within the laſt thirty years, by ſome ſuch agency as that ſuggeſted in the above extract, is all but certain. They have not ceaſed, however, to belong to the category of rare books, a fact for which their ſize and the familiar uſes to which the work has been applied, account in a great degree. Employed

ferred, ſince then, to known hands, and promoted from duſt and oblivion to a diſtinguiſhed place among the crown-jewels of their poſſeſſors.

Their value has, of courſe, riſen accordingly, and fine and perfect copies of this edition are eſtimated by Dr. Bethune (the editor of the American reprint) at twelve guineas and upwards; an appreciation, which the ſtatiſtics of ſale-catalogues do more than corroborate.[1]

Learned commentators have cudgelled their brains perſeveringly to diſcover out of what mine the author of this favourite work dug his ore. One of them ſuggeſts a certain "Treatiſe on the Nature of God," attributed to Biſhop Morton, and publiſhed in 1599. Another points to Hereſbach's "Foure Bookes of Huſbandry," tranſlated from the Latin by

as the angler's pocket companion, many copies have no doubt ſuccumbed to the proceſs of continual wear and tear, while others may have periſhed by miſchance, dropped, unconſciouſly, by Piſcator, in the high graſs by the river ſide, or carelcſsly left behind on the moſſy bank where he had indulged in his afternoon's ſieſta.

[1] Theſe ſtatiſtics are as follows:—Haworth, 892, 10*l.* 15*s.* Milner, 151, 15*l.* Higgs, 34, 11*l.* Pickering, firſt ſale, 301, 11*l.* 11*s.* Naſſau, pt. ii. 905, 3*l.* 10*s.* Bindley, pt. iv. 884, 6*l.* Jadis, preſentation copy, ruſſia, 13*l.* 13*s.* Utterſon, 11*l.* 15*s.* Gardner, 2326, mounted with guards and ſome words mended, 10*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.* A fac-ſimile copy in manuſcript, beautifully tranſcribed in imitation of the original, with the old plates inlaid, and with the Rev. Mr. Cotton's note on the fly-leaf, ("This copy of Izaak Walton's 'Compleat Angler' is true, accurate and faithful, *ad verbum verbo, uſque ad maculam*"), was ſold, at the diſperſion of that gentleman's collection, for 4*l.* 4*s.*

There is an error in the paging of ſome of the copies of this edition.

Barnaby Googe in 1577.[1] And a third ſuggeſts Plutarch's dialogue on the problem, "Whether water or land Animals are moſt crafty," as Engliſhed by Dr. Philemon Holland in 1602.

In our opinion the real mine was Izaak's fertile wits, and the pure gold he gives us, his *own* gold and nobody elſe's.

It had been the faſhion, both in claſſical and mediæval times, to adopt the colloquial form in paſtorals, and frequently to make the compoſition turn on a diſcuſſion between the various interlocutors as to the relative merits of the vocation of each. This faſhion and frame-work Walton adopted, but wrought out his ſubject in a manner eſſentially original, and which it is impoſſible to identify, beyond a few mere ſuperficial features, with the productions of any of his forerunners or contemporaries.

To give an analyſis of a book which every reader is ſure to poſſeſs *in extenſo*, would be a work of ſupererogation; and

[1] Why not rather to the ſame author's "De Venatione, Avcvpio atqve Piſcatione" (appended to the Latin verſion of the 'Huſbandry'), with which the 'Compleat Angler' has a far more intimate analogy. The treatiſe in queſtion is in the dialogue form, and the interlocutors (five in number) have names ſignificant of their ſeveral vocations. Accordingly *Philotherus* eulogiſes the ſport of hunting. *Lagus* deſcants on the paſtime of hunting the hare, the fox, the badger, and the ſtag. *Elaphorrhous* paſſes in review the chaſe of the deer, the wild bear, the wolf, the boar, &c. *Ornitheuta* treats of the ſport of fowling, and *Halieus* deſcribes the different modes of fiſhing, and varieties of fiſh. The identity of frame-work is ſelf-evident, but I am not aware that this Latin tract has ever been Engliſhed. A looſe and garbled tranſlation of it may be found in Liger's "Théâtre d'Agriculture," 4to. 1713.

an appreciation of it at this preſent hour of the clock, ſeems equally uncalled for. It is enough, that fifty-three editions or reprints have, up to this date, iſſued from the preſs, and that there are few libraries in the land in which, in one ſhape or other, it does not hold a foremoſt and an honoured place.

Second Edition, 1655.[1]

The ſucceſs of Walton's firſt eſſay in angling literature ſeems to have ſtimulated him to increaſed effort in preparing the ſecond edition for the preſs. He all but re-wrote the work, in fact, adding more than one-third (109 pages) to its original bulk, and introducing many improvements. The interlocutors are three in this edition, Piſcator, Venator (who takes the place of Viator), and Auceps. The work is extended to twenty-one chapters, and 355 pages,[2] the type, however, being larger. Some very ſlight variations occur in the Dedication, but ſeveral paſſages were added to the Addreſs to the Reader, wherein Walton ſays, "that in this ſecond impreſſion there are many enlargements, gathered both by my own obſervation and the communication of my friends."

To the plates of fiſh are added the bream, the eel, the loach, and the bull-head; and the commendatory verſes[3] appear in this edition for the firſt time.

[1] "The Compleat Angler or the Contemplative Man's Recreation. Being a Diſcourſe of Rivers, and Fiſh-Ponds, and Fiſh, and Fiſhing. Not unworthy the peruſal of moſt Anglers. *The ſecond Edition, much enlarged.*

"John 21, 3., *Simon Peter ſaith*, &c.

"*London*, printed by *T. M.* for *Rich. Marriot*, and are to be ſold at his Shop in St. *Dunſtans* Church-yard, Fleet ſtreet. 1655."

[2] Sigs. A 2 to Q 10, in twelves; 25 preliminary pages, and 1 blank.

[3] By ſeven different eulogiſts.

Mr. Bindley, the eminent book-collector, was of opinion that perfect copies of the second edition are rarer even than the first, and we believe he was right. The book, nevertheless, does not command the same high prices.[1]

Third Edition, 1661.[2]

The third edition was issued in 1661. Some copies are dated 1664, but are of the same impression, no other variation being discoverable. Strangely enough, however, most commentators, from Sir John Hawkins downwards, and most compilers of Angling-book Lists (Ellis, Pickering, and others), associate the bulk of the edition with 1664.

Although the work is stated, in the title page, to be "much

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[1] Haworth, 895, *3l.* 15*s.* Milner, 152, *6l.* 15*s.* Higgs, 36 and 37, *3l.* 15*s.* and *3l.* 9*s.* Cotton, 160 and 161, *3l.* 6*s.* and *4l.* 6*s.* Valentine, 229, *5l.* 5*s.* Pickering, first sale, morocco, 303, *7l.* 10*s.* (Seven copies were disposed of at Pickering's second sale, but of these five were imperfect.) Nassau, pt. ii., 906, *2l.* 8*s.* Bindley, pt. iii. 1933, *2l.* 10*s.* Towneley, pt. i., 804, *2l.* 15*s.* Jadis, morocco, *6l.* 10*s.* Heber, pt. viii., title inlaid, *3l.* Utterson, morocco, *6l.* 12*s.* *6d.* Gardner, 2327, *2l.* 17*s.*

[2] "The Compleat Angler or the Contemplative Man's Recreation. Being a Discourse of Rivers, Fish-ponds, Fish and Fishing. *To which is added* The Laws of Angling: with a new Table of the Particulars in this Book. *The third Edition, much enlarged.*

"*London*, Printed by *J. G.* for *Rich. Marriot*, at his shop in St. *Dunstans* Church-yard, *Fleet-street*, 1661."

Sigs. A 2 to S 8, in eights. 14 preliminary pages; body of the work 255 pages, and 1 blank. Laws of Angling and Table (8 leaves) unpaged.

Haworth, 897, *1l.* Milner, 153, *4l.* 7*s.* Higgs, 38 and 39, *3l.* 15*s.* and *2l.* 12*s.* Valentine, 230 and 231, *2l.* 6*s.* and *2l.* 9*s.* Walsh, 89, *3l.* 16*s.* Pickering, first sale, 304 and 305, *4l.* and *3l.* 5*s.* Taylieure, 233, *2l.* 6*s.* Haslewood, 1498 and 1499, *3l.* 16*s.* and *2l.* 3*s.* *6d.* Jadis, *4l.* 3*s.* Skegg, *3l.* 6*s.* Utterson, *3l.* 13*s.* *6d.* Gardner, *2l.* 18*s.* Bliss, *3l.*

enlarged," this muſt apply rather to a compariſon with the firſt edition, as the changes in the body of the work are but few and unimportant, with reference to the ſecond. In the Dedication a few phraſes are altered, the Addreſs to the Reader is rehandled, a new Table of Contents is given, Alex. Brome's Commendatory Verſes are omitted, and the chapter on the Laws of Angling (as indicated in the title) appears for the firſt time.

Fourth Edition, 1668.[1]

In the fourth edition, publiſhed in 1668, we have a mere paginary reprint of its immediate forerunner, with the exception of the "errata," which are here corrected.

Fifth Edition, 1676.[2]

It was followed, in 1676, by the fifth, which ſometimes bears the title of "The Univerſal Angler," when conſiſting of

[1] The former part of the title the ſame as the preceding.

"*The fourth Edition, much corrected and enlarged. London,* Printed for *R. Marriot,* and are to be ſold by *Charles Harper,* at his Shop, the next door to the *Crown,* near *Sergeants-Inn,* in *Chancery-Lane,* 1668."

Haworth, 899, 1*l.* 19*s.* Milner, 154, 2*l.* 15*s.* Higgs, 41, 3*l.* 1*s.* Cotton, 163, 3*l.* 17*s.* Valentine, 232, 3*l.* 3*s.* Pickering, firſt ſale, 306, 4*l.* Bindley, pt. iii., 1934, 15*s.* Taylieure, 234, 1*l.* 5*s.* Haſlewood, 1500 and 1501, 3*l.* 1*s.* and 1*l.* 12*s.* White Knights, 4361, 1*l.* 2*s.* Jadis, 4*l.*

[2] We give the titles and collation of the collective work:—

To the engraved title is added, "The firſt part," and underneath (printed) "Part I. Being a Diſcourſe," &c. "Written by Izaak Walton. *The Fifth Edition, much corrected and enlarged.* London, Printed for Richard Marriott, 1676."

After which comes the collective *printed* title: "The Univerſal Angler, Made ſo, by Three Books of Fiſhing. The *Firſt* Written by Mr. Izaak Walton; The *Second* By Charles Cotton, Eſq; The *Third* By Col. Robert Venables. All which may be bound together, or ſold each of them ſeverally.

Walton, Cotton, and Venables in conjunction. Twenty pages were added to the work in this edition, and further improvements introduced.

The union of Walton and Cotton has been perpetuated in

London, Printed for *Richard Marriott*, and ſold by moſt Bookſellers. MDCLXXVI." On the next page is a half-title: "Part I. Being a Diſcourſe of Rivers, Fiſh-ponds, Fiſh and Fiſhing. Written by Izaak Walton. *The Fifth Edition, much corrected and enlarged. London*, Printed for *R. Marriot*, and are to be ſold by *Charles Harper* at his Shop, the next door to the *Crown* near *Sergeants Inn* in *Chancery Lane*, 1676." 22 preliminary pages, of which 1 blank; body of the work 275 pages. Laws of Angling and Table, 5 leaves. Sigs. A 2 to V 3, in eights.

Title to Second Part: "The Compleat Angler. Being Inſtructions how to Angle for a TROUT or GRAYLING in a clear ſtream. Part II. (Underneath, engraved, the interlaced cypher of Walton and Cotton.)

"Qui mihi non credit faciat licet ipse periclum:
Et fuerit ſcriptis æquior ille meis.

London, Printed for *Richard Marriott*, and *Henry Brome*, in St. *Pauls* Churchyard, M.DCLXXVI." 4 preliminary pages; body of the work 112 pages. A 3 to H 8, in eights.

To Venables' Treatiſe is alſo prefixed an engraved title: "The Experienc'd Angler, or, Angling Improved." In a ſcroll ſurrounded with tackle, a pike, &c. Underneath, "Sold by Rich. Marriott."

Printed title: "The Experienc'd Angler: or, Angling Improv'd. Being *a General Diſcourſe* of Angling. Imparting the Apteſt ways and Choiceſt Experiments for the taking of moſt ſorts of Fiſh in *Pond* or *River*. By Col. Robert Venables. *The Fourth Edition, much Enlarged.* London, Printed for *Richard Marriot*, 1676. 12 preliminary pages; body of the work 96 pages, not including Index, 6 pages. Sigs. from A 3 to H 3, in eights.

Haworth, 906, 2*l.* 6*s.* Milner, 156, 2*l.* 16*s.* Higgs, 43, 3*l.* 3*s.* Valentine, 233, 2*l.* 8*s.* Pickering, firſt ſale, 307, 4*l.* 8*s.* Lynch Cotton, 122, 2*l.* Prince, 3*l.* 6*s.*, and with Walton's autograph, 35*l.* White Knights, 1*l.* 6*s.*

all ſubſequent reprints, but Venables' treatiſe, which, though meritorious, belongs to another order of compoſition, has ſince been excluded.

The illuſtrations in the latter were, as before obſerved, duplicates of thoſe given with the 'Compleat Angler.'

Here the ſeries of editions publiſhed during the life-time of the author comes to a cloſe. Seven years later, and the old man laid down his pen, as he had already laid aſide his rod, for ever; and, full of years, and of ſuch honours as befitted his meekneſs and his piety, was gathered to his reſt.[1] And long and dreary was the interregnum that followed, and barren as "from Dan to Beerſheba,"—ſomething of the grave's ſilence and oblivion ſeeming to have fallen both on Walton's memory and on his work.

He had ſet up a high ſtandard in angling literature, but it found neither rivals nor imitators. During the ſeventy-four years that elapſed between the date of the fifth edition and that of the firſt revival, only five names of any note are met with in this field, Chetham, Franck, Howlett, Bowlker and Brookes. Of theſe, four were mere makers of manuals, more or leſs praiſeworthy, and the fifth (Franck) ſtands out in ludi-

Bindley, 2176, with Walton's autograph, 2*l.* 14*s.* Towneley, 4*l.* 8*s.* Hanrott, 1*l.* 7*s.* Utterſon, 2*l.* 10*s.* The firſt, ſecond, third, and fifth editions, ſold at the diſperſion of Cotton's collection, 156, for 53*l.*, and the firſt five at Prince's ſale, 129, for 50*l.* 10*s.* The ſame at Harwood's ſale, in 6 vols. (the ſixth being Walton and Cotton, 1676, without Venables), for 42*l.* afterwards reſold—Fergusſon, 44*l.*

[1] Alas! that no friendly and reverential veto interpoſed to cancel the doggrel graven on his tomb!

crous relief, ſelf-pilloried by his own ponderous pompoſity of ſtyle and arrogance of judgment.[1]

Was it through the decline of faith, and the waning of the

[1] "Richard Franck, Philanthropus," he ſtyles himſelf. He was author of "Northern Memoirs, calculated for the Meridian of Scotland" (1694), in which he eſtimates Walton thus :—

"Arnoldus. Iſaac Walton ſtuffs his book with morals from Dubravius and others, not giving us one precedent of his own practical experiments, except otherwiſe, when he prefers the trencher before the trolling-rod ; who lays the ſtreſs of his arguments on other men's obſervations, wherewith he ſtuffs his undigeſted octavo ; ſo brings himſelf under the Angler's cenſure, and the common calamity of the plagiary, to be pitied (poor man !) for his loſs of time in ſcribbling and tranſcribing other men's notions. Theſe are the drones that rob the hive, yet flatter the bees they bring them honey.

"Theophilus. I remember the book, but you inculcate his *errata ;* however, it may paſs muſter among common muddlers.

"Arnoldus. *No truly, I think not.*"

Curt and concluſive, of a ſurety ! So by no ſtreſs of courteſy, may this deſpiſed and muddling abortion of poor Iſaac's be permitted to paſs muſter ! And thereupon, one falls to thinking of the very many editions through which the condemned work has, after all, contrived to paſs. How it has been illuſtrated by great artiſts, annotated by learned profeſſors, been loved by readers of all claſſes, in all times, and treaſured up as one of the moſt precious literary heirlooms of the age that produced it, while the pretentious 'Northern Memoirs' can now hardly be had for love or money, and are ticketed 'very ſcarce' in the catalogues of antiquarian bookſellers. Curt and concluſive too, if thou couldſt but have foreſeen it, Maſter Richard Franck, *Philanthropus !*

That there are ſome good points, however, about 'Northern Memoirs,' cannot be denied. Its author was no cockney angler. He had gone further afield than paſtoral Thames, or ſuburban Lea ; he had thrown his fly on the waters of the great lakes, and had done battle with *ſalmo ferox* in his faſtneſſes. But his book, on the whole, is as heavy and indigeſtible a lump of turgid rhetoric as ever encumbered the angler's book-ſhelf, or perhaps any book-ſhelf whatſoever, if the truth be told.

old ſuperſtition that, during this intermediate period, the angler and his lore were alike dethroned from their high places? Piſcator, in the good old times, trod (in a figure) the dais, and wore cloth of gold, as a follower of the "Pleaſure of Princes." He ſtood apart from the *profanum vulgus*, by virtue alike of his grave and dignified demeanour, and of the cloud of ſpirituality and recondite erudition with which he ſurrounded his art. He was *ſui generis*. *Piſcator naſcitur, non fit*, was his cool aſſumption, even Parnaſſus' hill not ſeeming too lofty to ſerve him for a parallel.

In his decadence, on the contrary, all was changed. Cloth of frieze became the faſhion of his raiment, and his poſition the common every day-level (or perhaps a degree lower), with the implied obligation of giving the wall to any hunting or hawking paſſer-by. And having deſcended from his pedeſtal, the *oi polloi*, as uſual, began to pelt him, with their jeers, and even a few, indeed, who were not of the *oi polloi*, and ſhould have known better, ſtuck their burrs on him; and his literature, as we have juſt ſaid, was dethroned with him, and loſt, altogether, its ancient tone and ſtandard.

An angling writer (to eſtabliſh a compariſon) of this latter period, was apt to enter on the ſubject with a penny whiſtle prelude of apology and deprecation. Smarting, it may be, from the ſting of the Johnſonian definition of his ſport, he waſted much mean and ſervile pleading to prove the injuſtice of the inſinuation. He crept through his treatiſe on all fours, as it were, and backed out of it at the cloſe, ungraciouſly and diſgracefully—ſhrinking, often enough, from affixing his ſign-

manual to his work, through a latent dread (not altogether unfounded), of being identified with the lexicographer's memorable 'fool.'

The antique ſcribe's exordium, on the contrary, was in ſome ſuch organ-note as this.

"Since Pleaſure is a rapture, or power in this laſt age, ſtolne into the hearts of men, and there lodged up with ſuch a carefull guard and attendance, that nothing is more ſupreame, or ruleth with greater ſtrength in their affections, and ſince all are now become the ſonnes of Pleaſure and every good is meaſured by the delight it produceth: what worke unto man can be more thankefull than the diſcourſe of that pleaſure which is moſt comely, moſt honeſt, and giveth the moſt liberty to Divine meditation, and that, without all queſtion, is the Art of Angling, which, having ever beene moſt hurtleſsly neceſſary, hath been the ſport or recreation of GOD's Saints, of moſt holy Fathers, and of many worthy and reverend Devines, both dead and at this time breathing. For the uſe thereof (in its own true and unabuſed nature) carryeth in it neyther covetouſneſs, deceipt, nor anger, the three maine ſpirits which ever (in ſome ill meaſure) rule in all other paſtimes; neyther are they alone predominant, without the attendance of their ſeverall handmaids, as Theft, Blaſphemy, or Bloudſhed; for in Dice-play, Cards, Bowles, or any ſport where money is the goale to which mens minds are directed, what can man's avarice there be accounted other than a familiar robbery, each ſeeking by deceipt to couzen and ſpoyle other of that bliſſe of means which God had beſtowed to ſupport them and their families? . . .

But in this Art of Angling there is no ſuch evill, no ſuch ſinneful violence, for the greateſt thing it coveteth is, for much labour, a little Fiſh, hardly ſo much as will ſuffice nature in a reaſonable ſtomacke: for the Angler muſt intice, not command his reward . . . ſhewing unto all men that will undergoe any delight therein that it was firſt invented, taught, and ſhall for ever bee maintained by *Patience* only. And yet I may not ſay only *Patience*, for her other three Siſters have likewiſe a commanding power in this exerciſe, for *Juſtice* directeth and appointeth out thoſe places where men may, with liberty, uſe their ſport and neyther doe iniury to their neighbours, nor incur the cenſure of incivility. *Temperance* layeth downe the meaſure of the action and moderateth deſire in ſuch good proportion that no exceſſe is found in the overflow of their affections. Laſtly *Fortitude* inableth the minde to undergoe the travell and exchange of weathers with a healthfull eaſe, and not to diſpaire with a little expenſe of time, but to perſevere with a conſtant imagination in the end to obtaine both pleaſure and ſatisfaction . . . And thus you ſee this Art is good, as having no coherence of evill; worthy of uſe, inaſmuch as it is mixed with a delightfull profit: and moſt auncient as being the recreation of the firſt Patriarks."[1]

Meaſure, if you can, the interval which ſeparates the pitiful puerility, characteriſtic of our angling lore in its intermediate period, and the above ſolemn laudation, wherein the praiſe of the art may be ſaid to culminate, aſſociated, as it is, with all

[1] "The Pleaſvres of Princes, or Good mens Recreations." Small 4to., 1635. Chap. 1.

things that are "lovely and of good report," named in a breath with the great, the wiſe, and the reverend, and for an audacious and half profane apotheoſis, caught up, as it were, in a glory, with the Saints of God! To meaſure the interval between theſe two, is, alas! to fathom alſo the depth of the fall.

But literary taſtes, antecedently to this period, had undergone ſignal changes in a general ſenſe, and not in the angling department ſolely. Artifice had too often been allowed to take the place of art, and "gilding refined gold" and "painting the lily," had ceaſed to be the hereſies they were once eſteemed. To be ſimple and natural was a rule diſuſed, in fact, whether in literature, or in life; nature had exchanged roſes for rouge, and ſimplicity had acquired a *penchant* for powder and patches.

Moſes Browne's Firſt Edition, 1750.[1]

And at the acme of all this came Moſes Browne (formerly

[1] "The Compleat Angler: Or, Contemplative Man's Recreation. In Two Parts. Containing, I. A large and particular Account of Rivers, Fiſh-ponds, Fiſh, and Fiſhing: Written by the ingenious and celebrated Mr. Iſaac Walton. II. The beſt and fulleſt inſtructions how to angle for a *Trout* and *Grayling* in a clear Stream. By Charles Cotton, Eſq.; and publiſhed by Mr. Walton. Compriſing all that has been accounted Valuable, Inſtructive, or Curious, that has ever appeared on this Subject. Interſperſed with a Variety of practical Experiments; learned Obſervations; beautiful Deſcriptions; philoſophical, moral, and religious Reflections; Pieces of innocent Mirth and Humour; poetical Compoſitions, &c., ſo as to render it entertaining to Readers of every Taſte and Character whatſoever: with Exact Repreſentations of all the Fiſh, and the Addition of ſeveral Copper Plates, deſigned as an Embelliſhment to the work. Carefully and correctly publiſhed, from the beſt editions, with a number of occaſional Notes. By Moſes Browne, Author of Piſcatory Eclogues. To which are added, The Laws of Angling;

pen-cutter, afterwards ordained prieſt, and the right man at the right time, in his own eſtimation . . .), bent on endowing the world with a new edition of the 'Compleat Angler' enhanced with ſome finiſhing touches of his own. And by dint of oil and emery, elbow-greaſe and ſelf-ſufficiency, a new edition *was* produced in ſuch an advanced ſtate of French poliſh, as was conſidered creditable alike to the parts and patience of the manipulator. Old Izaak's "inaccuracies" and "redundancies" were pruned away with an unſparing hand, and his "abſurdities" ſuppreſſed altogether. His "rough places," not to ſpeak it profanely, were "made ſmooth," and his "high places" brought, perhaps, a little low, by the ſame proceſs. We acknowledge our obligations to Moſes Browne for his revival of a book that had too long fallen into deſuetude, but we mutter, *anathema maranatha!* in a mild ſenſe, nevertheleſs, over ſuch priggiſh impertinence.

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and an Appendix, ſhewing at one View, the moſt proper *Rivers*, particular *Haunts*, *Baits*; their *Seaſons*, and *Hours* in the Day of Biting; *General Directions in Practice*, for every kind of *Fiſh* that is to be angled for; alphabetically diſpoſed, in a Method peculiarly uſeful, and never yet attempted. With ſhort Rules concerning the *Tackle*, *Baits*, the ſeveral ways of *Fiſhing*, and *Weather* proper for Angling.

London: Printed and Sold by Henry Kent, at the Printing-office in *Finch Lane*, near the *Royal Exchange*, MDCCL."

16 pages preliminary; 320 pages including Index. Frontiſpiece and five ſeparate illuſtrations beſides cuts of fiſh.

Haworth, 908, 11*s*. Haſlewood, additional illuſtrations, 2*l*. 2*s*. Valentine, 235, 2*s*. 6*d*. Cotton, 165, 1*l*. Taylieure, 235, 3*s*. 6*d*. Edwards, 6*s*. 6*d*. Milner, 157, 7*s*. Stace, 83, 2*s*. 6*d*. Bindley, 6*s*. with Bowlker. Higgs, 19, 1*l*. 3*s*. Pickering, 308, 4*s*. and 6*s*. White Knights, 9*s*.

Moſes Browne's firſt edition appeared, as has been ſhown, in 1750. It was ſmall octavo in ſize, and its general appearance indicated but little typographical progreſs during the hundred years that ſeparated it from its firſt prototype. The woodcuts of fiſh are eſpecially coarſe and inferior to the correſponding plates in the edition of 1653, and the praiſe to be awarded to the more ambitious ſcenic illuſtrations, muſt be reſtricted to the choice of ſubject,—a choice that has been ratified and accepted as a rule by all after-illuſtrators, up to the preſent time.

The work is alſo adorned with a frontiſpiece, in the foreground of which a languid-looking fine gentleman, in a cocked-hat and bob-wig, with a fiſh between his fingers, and a couple of rods, or rather pokers, lying at his feet, is ſeen ſeated, *ſub tegmine fagi*, by the ſide of a ſtream, in a penſive poſture, while, in the middle diſtance, ſits juſt ſuch another fine gentleman, with juſt ſuch another bob-wig and poker, his back turned to the ſpectator, and his legs, apparently, dangling in the water. Theſe two love-lorn Adoniſes repreſent, we preſume, the ideal angler of the day, as he appeared in his court coſtume, in the ſuburban purlieus of Putney or Iſlington, more engroſſed with his ruffles than his ſport, and in the habit of inditing a ſonnet to his "Miſtreſs' eyebrow," when the bleak left off biting.

Browne's edition was preluded by an "Editor's Preface," in which he certainly evinces much enthuſiaſm for his author. But how little he was acquainted with the incidents of Walton's life, and how very gradually, in this reſpect, he flounders out

of error into truth, may be judged by the fact that, while adverting to Cotton's contribution of the second part, he states that he (Cotton) MARRIED WALTON'S DAUGHTER; an error which he repeats, nine years after, in his second edition, and only corrects in the third (1772), when he opens his eyes at last (thanks to Hawkins' Memoir), to the adoptive character of the relationship. This blunder is now pointed out, we believe, for the first time.

The "Appendix" and "Short Rules," supplied by Browne, were useful additions to the original work.

Moses Browne's Second Edition, 1759.[1]

Browne's second reprint appeared in 1759, all but coming into direct collision with Hawkins' first edition, published in the following year, and giving rise, as it was, to certain heart-burnings and jealousies on both sides. He announces it, in the title-page, as "very much amended and improved."

One of the improvements (not an infelicitous idea) was the enclosing "within particular marks, the parts which treat merely of Directions for the Sport, that they may be passed over, and nothing but the entertaining parts of the Book present themselves for those to whom those other might appear

[1] There are some unimportant modifications in the title, to which the original quotation from St. John is restored.

Twenty-four pages preliminary; 348 pages, including Index.

Higgs, 44, 1*l.* 1*s.* Cotton, 166, 10*s.*, and with an autograph of Moses Browne, 1*l.* 4*s.* Taylieure, 237, 5*s.* Donovan, 902; 3*s.* Milner, 158, 7*s.* 6*d.* Stace, 84, 3*s.* 6*d.* Lowndes, 714, 4*s.* Walsh, 74, 2*s.* 6*d.* Haslewood, 10*s.* 6*d.* Pickering, first sale, 6*s.* White Knights, 1*l.* 3*s.* Bindley, 1*l.* 17*s.* Skettell, 2*l.* Stanley, 3*l.* 5*s.* Towneley, 3*l.* 15*s.* Strawberry Hill, 3*l.* Utterson, 1*l.* 5*s.* Crawford, 1*l.* 19*s.*

dull and unpleaſant; at the ſame time that it will anſwer the double purpoſe that ſuch who want more immediately to peruſe the aforeſaid Directions, &c., may find them more readily by theſe marks and follow them (as in a chain) through the ſeveral pages."

The above is extracted from the "Editor's Preface," which, for this edition, had been re-written, giving a few more details of Walton's career, but perpetuating, as we have already ſhown, the old error touching his relationſhip with Cotton.

Some new engravings (three in number) are alſo added to this reprint, from the ſame hand, that of H. Burgh.

Hawkins' Firſt Edition, 1760.[1]

Browne's ſpurious revival was now to be ſucceeded and ſuper-

[1] "The Complete Angler: Or, Contemplative Man's Recreation. Being a Diſcourſe on Rivers, Fiſh-Ponds, Fiſh, and Fiſhing. In Two Parts. The Firſt written by Mr. Izaak Walton, The Second by Charles Cotton, Eſq.; To which are now prefixed, The Lives of the Authors. Illuſtrated with Cuts of the ſeveral Kinds of River-Fiſh, and of the Implements uſed in Angling, Views of the principal Scenes deſcribed in the Book. And Notes Hiſtorical, Critical, and Explanatory.

London: Printed *only* for Thomas Hope, at the *Bible* and *Anchor*, oppoſite the North-gate of the *Royal Exchange*, *Threadneedle Street*; and ſold by him and Sackville Parker, at *Oxford*; Richard Matthews, at *Cambridge*, and Samuel Trimmer, at *Derby*. 1760."

Firſt Part, 78 pages preliminary; 304 pages. Second Part, 58 pages preliminary; 136 pages, including Index. Frontiſpiece, and 12 ſeparate Illuſtrations, including 3 plates of tackle; alſo engravings of fiſh.

Haworth, 912, 2*l.* 11*s.* Higgs, 46, 1*l.* 15*s.* Valentine, 237, 1*l.* 4*s.* Cotton, 168, 1*l.* 7*s.* Strawberry Hill, in old red morocco, 15*l.* Taylieure, 238, 17*s.* Milner, 159, 2*l.* 14*s.* Haſlewood, 3*l.* 3*s.* Walſh, 71, 12*s.* Bindley, 1*l.* 17*s.* White Knights, 1*l.* 3*s.* Skettell, 2*l.* Stanley, 3*l.* 5*s.* Towneley, 3*l.* 15*s.* Utterſon, 1*l.* 5*s.* Crawford, 1*l.* 10*s.*

ſeded by another and more permanent one, that of Mr. John Hawkins, in 1760, and the announcement of which in the prints of the day gave riſe, as we have juſt ſaid, to ſundry ſkirmiſhes and paſſages of arms between the rival editors.

We hardly know whether the triumph of the 'Compleat Angler,' on its firſt advent, in the thick of the great Roundhead and Cavalier ſtruggle, was an incident more paradoxical in its kind, than the re-eſtabliſhment of the paſtoral as an Engliſh claſſic in

> "The tea-cup times of hood and hoop,
> And when the patch was worn."

Perhaps we may infer from the fact, that the tide of affectation and falſe graces in literature was already beginning to ebb, and that the public taſte was returning to a ſounder and ſaner claſs of appreciations.

At all events, in this new edition, the original text was reſtored to its primitive purity; the pruning-knife was laid aſide; all poetical tinkering repudiated, and old Izaak's "redundancies," "ſuperfluities," and "abſurdities," brought back to light, and left to ſtand or fall on their own merits or demerits.

It was a gage thrown down to Vandaliſm, whereat Vandaliſm, in guiſe of Moſes Browne, was no doubt mightily aſtoniſhed.

Browne's recriminations, and the charges he brings againſt Hawkins of plagiariſm and appropriation, ſeem to us quite unfounded. That Wale, in Hawkins' reprint, adopted the ſame ſeries of ſubjects for his illuſtrations as Browne's deſigner, is a fact, but theſe ſubjects rather forced themſelves on the

choice of the artiſt, than were ſought for by him, and were certainly the moſt ſalient, for artiſtic purpoſes, the work contained. This interpretation has been confirmed, in recent times, by the example of Stothard and Abſolon, both artiſts of unqueſtionable originality, but who have worked in preciſely the ſame grooves as their predeceſſors. Apart from this, the treatment of the ſubjects by Wale was altogether diſſimilar; he avoided the anachroniſms into which the former deſigner had fallen, and with the exception of the allegorical frontiſpiece, which, like moſt allegories, was mere "leather and prunella," his ſeries of drawings aſſuredly bore away the bell from thoſe of his competitor.

As to Browne's aſſeveration that Hawkins' life of Walton was merely borrowed from his own, the charge is ſimply abſurd. Browne wrote *no* life of Walton worthy of that name. He merely ſwept together ſome looſe litter, in the courſe of his editing, but took no pains either to ſift or to enlarge it as the years went by.

Hawkins was the firſt biographer of Walton in any tangible ſenſe, and it is on his foundation that after workers in the ſame field have built up the fabric to fuller and more complete dimenſions. That his memoir is meagre, inſufficient, ſometimes inexact, is true, but to judge juſtly of it, we muſt judge leniently, remembering how many and great were the difficulties that beſet the taſk and baffled the ſeeker. How eſſentially private, tranquil and unobtruſive, for inſtance, Walton's career was, from firſt to laſt; how, though aſſociated with ſome of the greateſt and wiſeſt of his time, he took no rank

with them in public places, under the eyes of men, but ſought them out in their retirement, ſitting meekly at their feet, in their ſhadow . . . meekly, not ſervilely; how, at a comparatively early age, he withdrew to his country retreat, hiding himſelf ſtill more effectually in the ſecluſion of his ſtudy, and in thoſe paſtoral purſuits which were his chief delight; and how, finally, he lived, for the moſt part, at a period of great political ferment and convulſion, and in the midſt of ſuch doing and undoing as is apt to ſweep away the traces of ſecondary events, and of the routine of ordinary exiſtences.

Writing biography under ſuch circumſtances, is like deciphering the characters on a tomb, that the rains of centuries have channelled, and that moſs and lichen have overgrown. A word here, a line there, may be made out, but the moſt patient effort, the moſt unfailing ſagacity, are required to produce a continuous and perfect tranſcript of the whole.

The life of Walton, as we poſſeſs it now, is, in fact, a moſaic by many hands; but to Hawkins accrues the merit of having been the earlieſt worker in the quarry, if not the moſt conſummate and ſucceſsful one.

His edition of 1760 was in demy octavo, and of a goodly aſpect, printed on fine paper, and with bold, legible type. Of the figures in the plates, it was ſtated in a note, that they were "dreſſed in the habit of the time," and the plates themſelves were declared in an advertiſement to have "coſt upwards of a hundred pounds."

The work was alſo announced as being "the only correct and complete edition."

The biography of Walton extends to fifty-ſix pages, and that of Cotton, by W. O[ldys], to forty-eight. The annotation is copious, and has been, for the moſt part, retained in ſubſequent reprints.

Hawkins' Second Edition, 1766.[1]

Hawkins' ſecond edition, in 1766, was but a paginary reprint of the firſt, and requires, therefore, no ſpecial deſcription here.

Moſes Browne's Third Edition, 1772.

In proof that Browne's verſion had not fallen into abſolute disfavour, a third and laſt edition was produced in 1772, "greatly improved in a number of places above any of the preceding ones, by the addition of twenty pages and of ſeveral uſeful notes of Directions for the Sport. The Songs," he adds, "that are ſimple and natural, wrote with humour and character, I have endeavoured to make ſtill more agreeable by indulging myſelf in an inclination I found of ſetting each to muſic, as they now for the firſt time appear, and are my

[1] "London: Printed for J. Rivington, at the *Bible* and *Crown*, in *St. Paul's Church-yard*; T. Caſlon, in *Stationers Court*; and R. Withy, in *Cornhill*. MDCCLXVI."

Milner, finely bound, 160, 5*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.* Higgs, 48, 1*l.* 5*s.* Valentine, 238, 8*s.* 6*d.* Pickering, 309, 1*l.* 1*s.* Haſlewood, additional illuſtrations, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* Walſh, 73, 1*l.* 13*s.* White Knights, 4364, 18*s.* Bindley, pt. iii., 1936, 9*s.*

[2] "The Eighth Edition, with the Addition of all the Songs ſet to Muſic. London: Printed and Sold by Richard and Henry Cauſton (Succeſſors to the late Mr. Henry Kent), at the Printing Office, No. 21, *Finch-Lane*, near the *Royal Exchange*. MDCCLXXII."

24 pages preliminary; 372 pages, including Index.

Haworth, 909, 6*s.*; and 911, 13*s.* Valentine, 236, 5*s.* 6*d.* Higgs, 45, 2*l.* 3*s.* Bindley, 9*s.* White Knights, 15*s.* Edwards, 6*s.* 6*d.*

only public and perhaps my laſt attempt in which I ſhall aim to pleaſe myſelf or others in this way."

There is no life-belt like vanity in literary aquatics, and armed with this accoutrement, Browne ſtrikes out, perſiſtently, in a ſea that had grown over rough for him, and appeals, as before, to the public for ſupport and commendation, on the primitive and offenſive ground of his tinkering and tampering. "I ſhall be pleaſed," he ſays, "to have the cloſeſt compariſon made between us, with the acuteſt eye of the candid and judicious, eſpecially the *Poetical Parts*, that coſt me much labour, and indeed (the italics are ours) *of neceſſity required my indiſpenſable help*."

That the public did not reſpond very cordially to this pathetic and poſitive appeal, may be inferred from the fact, that our irreverent editor's Walton-done-Browne ſeems to have ſunk like a ſtone, ſoon after this, into the depths of Lethe, to be fiſhed up therefrom no more.

But while we are ſevere on the editor, let us be juſt to the man. Browne was a *parvenu* it is true, but a *parvenu* in the moſt honeſt and honourable ſenſe. From a very low rank in life, he made his way upward, by dint of energy and talent, and through much penury, neglect, and viciſſitude, to the dignified poſition of Vicar of Olney, and afterwards Chaplain of Morden College, in Kent. In the record of his chequered career, no noticeable blot is to be diſcovered, and that he was infected with the prevailing literary foibles of the time, is by no means to be viſited on him alone.

Even on Waltonian ground, it is well to accord him what

praiſe we may. That Hawkins was the reviver, *de facto*, of the 'Compleat Angler,' is undeniable; but how far he was ſtimulated thereto by Browne's ſham revival, is a queſtion we will leave open to the latter's advantage, if advantage there be. That Browne was really fond of the work he maltreated, is evident from his affectionate praiſe of it; and it is poſſible that out of that very fondneſs ſprang the errors of judgment that have drawn down on him the ſtrictures of Walton's more reſpectful admirers. *Requieſcat in pace!* then, let us ſay, in farewell.

Hawkins' Third Edition, 1775.[1]

Hawkins' third edition was again a paginary reprint, and in the ſame form. Copies of this iſſue, as of the firſt, are ſcarce.

Hawkins' Fourth Edition, 1784.[2]

The fourth edition was publiſhed in 1784, "with large additions." In the editor's (now Sir John Hawkins) advertiſement, he ſtates that he had reviſed the work, and inſerted

[1] "The Third Edition. London: Printed for John and Francis Rivington, (No. 62) at the *Bible* and *Crown*, in *St. Paul's Churchyard*; and T. Caſlon, in *Stationers Court*. MDCCLXXV."

Stace, 85, 3*s*. 6*d*. Taylieure, 239, 3*s*. Valentine, 239, 3*s*. Cotton, 169, 15*s*. Haſlewood, 8*s*. 6*d*. Bindley, 9*s*. Lowndes, 5*s*. 6*d*.

[2] "The Complete Angler, or Contemplative Man's Recreation; Being a Diſcourſe on Rivers, Fiſh-Ponds, Fiſh, and Fiſhing: in Two Parts; The Firſt written by Mr. Iſaac Walton, the Second by Charles Cotton, Eſq; with the Lives of the Authors, and Notes Hiſtorical, Critical, and Explanatory. By Sir John Hawkins, Knt. The Fourth Edition, with large Additions. London, Printed for John, Francis, and Charles Rivington, (No. 62), at the Bible and Crown, St. Paul's Churchyard. MDCCLXXXIV."

Part I. 82 pages preliminary; 268 pages. Part II. 34 pages preliminary; 122 pages, including Index.

Lowndes, 719, 3*s*. Haworth, 913, 7*s*. 6*d*. Stanley, 11*s*. Bliſs, 3*s*. 6*d*.

"ſundry ſuch facts, diſcoveries, notices, authorities and obſervations, as he flattered himſelf would greatly tend to improve it." He then goes on to explain that he had enlarged the Life of Walton, and ſubſtituted a "new account of Mr. Cotton, extracted, chiefly from his own writings, leſs diffuſe and deſultory than that which accompanied the former edition."

The rejected memoir, as we have already intimated, was the work of Oldys, whoſe initials are appended to it, and who died the year after its publication. The new biography was by Hawkins himſelf.

Modern commentators have been ſlow to acknowledge the value of Hawkins' editorial ſervices. They pooh-pooh his Piſcatorſhip, carp and cavil at his ſcience, and put on double ſpectacles to diſcover his enthuſiaſm—and fail. That he had weak points, and that theſe were of them, we do not deny; but as a pioneer, in his department, he has, we repeat, a claim on our regard and recognition, which it would be ungracious to repudiate.

Five years, however, after the date of this fourth edition, the 'Compleat Angler' was orphaned of both its editors. Moſes Browne departed hence in 1787, at the ripe age of eighty-four; and in 1789 Hawkins alſo, though a much younger man, reſted from his labours.

That there was no cauſe for deſpondency on this ground, we know; and looking from that epoch, down the long viſta of the coming years, we ſee editors, many and able—editors, and ſtill editors, in ever increaſing numbers, flocking to the reſcue. What, if in a perverſe mood, we were to ſtart a hereſy and

wiſh the proceſſion had been leſs multitudinous; not that there had been fewer reprints, but fewer editors,—What, if we ſuggeſted that ſomething leſs of heavy learning and abſtruſe reſearch would have been a more merciful diſpenſation—that the Pelion of Erudition, piled on the Oſſa of Science, is an overwhelming accompaniment under the circumſtances! What—to throw aſide all reſervation—if we were to opine that Walton's pretty paſtoral had been hardly dealt with, and that it may be neither good taſte nor ſound judgment to flood the obſcurity of our antique literature with the gariſh noonday of the nineteenth century—to bring the two into colliſion—the ſtained oriel, on the one hand, with its beautiful dapplings of many coloured luſtre, and the broad, white caſement on the other, dazzling, without fleck or flaw! What, again—but our hereſy may be running away with us, it is better we ſhould draw rein. We have not *averred* theſe things—we have merely dropped them, with a 'peradventure'... have our readers anything to ſay?

One avowal we will make, however, 'out and out.' Modern critics there are, who have indulged in many thin-lipped ſneers at old Izaak's ſuperſtition and fond credulity. Againſt this we put in our proteſt, lined and underlined. Walton was eſſentially a man of his time, walking by the lights of his time; we have no right to exact from him the wide-awake knowingneſs and ſcepticiſm of later days. Superſtition, beſides, ſtruck its roots deep in the organization of the angler of that period; it was lord and maſter over him, in fact. It made choice of the time when he ſhould fiſh, and of the path he ſhould take. It had ſomething to ſay of the ordering of his apparel, and much

of the appliances of his tackle; it crept into his bait-box; it was kneaded up with his paſte; it even twiſted itſelf into the links of his line, and made marvellous havoc of the fiſh he took. It was parcel groteſque, parcel ghaſtly. It tampered with mummy's duſt, and dead men's fat; it dabbled in myſtical oils and occult chemiſtry; it was aſtrological, necromantical, diabolical; it was anything and everything, in ſhort, ſave ſimple and matter-of-fact and ſenſible.

But it muſt be acknowledged, as an offset againſt this, that certain of the old-world writers on the ſport were little ſhort of heroical in their faſhion of building up to his complete ſtature, their ideal Angler.

Something in this way the ſtructure roſe.

He muſt have ſimple-mindedneſs—(that was the raw material, and indiſpenſable enough, Heaven knows!) He muſt be a general ſcholar, ſkilled in all the liberal ſciences; and a grammarian, to know how to diſcourſe fitly of his art. He muſt have ſweetneſs of ſpeech "to intice other to ſhare his delight;" and "ſtrength of arguments to maintaine and defend his profeſſion." Knowledge, too, of the ſun, moon, and ſtars, he ſhould poſſeſs. He ſhould be well verſed in geography and practiſed in navigation. He ſhould alſo be an adept in muſic that "whenſoever eyther melancholy, heavineſſe of thought, or the perturbation of his own fancies, ſtirreth up ſadneſſe in him, he may remove the ſame with ſome godly Hymne or Antheme."

In addition to all this, he muſt be well grounded in faith, patience, moderation and charity. He muſt be very humble,

and, at the ſame time, ſtrong and valiant, ſo as "neyther to be amazed with ſtormes nor affrighted with Thunder." He muſt be generous, "not working for his owne belly, as if it could never be ſatiſsfied," and of "a thankefull nature, praiſing the Author of all goodneſſe." And to wind up, he muſt be of a perfect memory, and of a ſtrong conſtitution of body, "able to endure much faſting, and not of a gnawing ſtomacke."[1]

In a word, this conſummate angler muſt be able to ſquare the entire circle of the ſciences, combine the various perfections of the philoſopher, the ſtoic, and the Chriſtian, and be an "admirable Crichton" to boot, in general accompliſhments! No wonder ſuch men, or any faint approach to ſuch, were ſtyled '*gentlemen* anglers,' and one may picture their dignified gait, and the grave, ſcholaſtic penſiveneſs of their countenances, as they paced, angle in hand, the ſhaven lawns of Thames, or traced the meanderings of claſſic Dove, finding in the pauſes of their ſport,

> "Books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in ſtones, and good in everything."

Theſe, ſurely, were not the men to *apologiſe* for the practiſe of their art, as we have ſhown to have been done by certain of their degenerate deſcendants. Johnſonian jokes, Byronian ſarcaſms, or the jeers of the critics aforeſaid, would have bounded off them like hailſtones from a ſlate roof. No vulnerable heel had they for ſuch puny ſhafts to gall. To

[1] "The Pleaſvres of Princes, or Good mens Recreations." 1635. Chap. 3. "Of the Anglers apparrell, and inward quallities," p. 15.

them angling was as much a matter of praying as of playing, for was there not an entire ſeries of pious ejaculations for the devout angler's ſpecial uſe and benefit? Ejaculation the firſt, when he croſſed his threſhold in the morning twilight; ejaculation the ſecond, when he firſt dipped line in water; ejaculation the third, when the fiſh took the bait, and ejaculation the fourth, when he was fairly landed. Apologiſe, forſooth! not they. The paſtime was *ars nobilis* to them, in the broadeſt ſenſe. They magnified their vocation, ſeeking to raiſe it above all other ſports, by ſtreſs of much ſubtlety of argument and conſiderable ſcope of fancy, almoſt putting the ſhoes off their feet the while, as if it were, in ſome ſort, holy ground.

And time and the world have dealt gently with theſe men, and with their works, keeping the memory of the former green, and ſtoring up the latter in lavender, as Izaak's hoſteſs ſtored her ſheets. In ſpite of new lights and wide-awake knowledge, we cling to the old books ſtill, loving them for their *naïveté*, their ſingle-heartedneſs, and that unfading freſhneſs of country life which hangs perſiſtently about them, and which even now brings back to our ear the leaves' ripple and the river's murmur, as we thread their lines and turn their pages.

Whereupon, re-iſſuing out of that Egyptian darkneſs, into the full modern daylight once more, do we bring back with us on our lips a ſmile or a ſneer? Not the latter, ſurely, O worſhipful critics—there is no need. We are wiſer, it is true, than our forefathers, more ſcientific, leſs credulous, but that we are better men, or even very much better Anglers (which is one of the chief points in queſtion), is not proven.

Hawkins' Fifth and Sixth Editions, 1792[1] and 1797.[2]

Recovering from this digreſſion, we find Mr. John Sidney Hawkins ſtanding in his father's ſhoes, and preſenting us, in 1792 and 1797, with two further editions of our favourite book. In the former he calls attention to certain "corrections and additions of the laſt editor found in the margin of his copy of the fourth edition, which, though not many, have been all made uſe of on this occaſion, from a wiſh that the book might receive the advantage of his laſt corrections. I have in no other reſpect," he adds, "varied from the laſt of the former editions, excepting when it was warranted by ſome memoranda of my father's, being wholly unacquainted with the ſubject."

The plates in this reprint are reduced in number, the remainder being worn out; but the book, we are told, is "printed with a better type, and on better paper, than could otherwiſe have been afforded."

Theſe latter improvements appeal, we are bound to confeſs, more to our faith than our ſight.

[1] "The Fifth Edition, with Additions. London, Printed for F. and C. Rivington, G. G. J. and J. Robinſon, W. Goldſmith, J. and J. Taylor, R. Faulder, Scatcherd and Whitaker, and E. Jefferey. MDCCXCII."

Part I. 82 pages preliminary; 268 pages. Part II. 34 pages preliminary; 122 pages, including Index.

Haworth, 914, 6*s.* and 1*l.* Valentine, 240, 1*s.* Cotton, 170, 5*s.* Taylieure, 24, 1*s.* 6*d.* Stace, 86, 4*s.* Lowndes, 721, 3*s.* and 4*s.* 6*d.* Bindley, 1*l.* 8*s.*, large paper.

[2] "The Sixth Edition, with Additions. London: Printed for F. and C. Rivington, G. G. and J. Robinſon, J. and J. Taylor, R. Faulder, W. Bent, J. Scatcherd, E. Jefferey, and T. N. Longman. 1797."

Valentine, 241, 3*s.* Haworth, 915, 5*s.* Haſlewood, 8*s.* 6*d.* Bindley, 15*s.*, fine paper. Only fifty copies of the latter printed.

The edition of 1797 is again a paginary reprint, the engravings (with the exception of the tackle-plates) being now ſuppreſſed altogether. The renewed aſſurance of better type and paper becomes, this time, a fib of the firſt magnitude. Very ſhabby and ſeedy ſpecimens, in fact, are theſe laſt of the direct Hawkins ſeries, which they cloſe unworthily. The circumſtance of Mr. John Sidney being "wholly unacquainted with the ſubject," and therefore as wholly devoid of zeal and enthuſiaſm, accounts, we ſuppoſe, in ſome degree, for their threadbare and declining condition.

But the age is declining alſo, and a new era is about to dawn. Preſently, we croſs the threſhold of the nineteenth century, and have preſentiments of better and grander things.

The better come firſt, in the ſhape of a handſome octavo

Bagſter's Firſt Edition, 1808.[1]

[1] The title the ſame as in the edition of 1784. "London: Printed for Samuel Bagſter, in the Strand. 1808."

512 pages. Frontiſpiece and 14 plates; 17 plates of fiſh.

In the half-title is a woodcut vignette (an angler), and under it, "The Complete Angler. The Seventh Edition. With Improvements and Additions, both of Matter and Plates."

Haſlewood, in the "Cenſura Literaria," ſpeaks of this edition as having been diſclaimed by Mr. J. S. Hawkins, and refers to the "Gent. Mag.," January 7, 1809, p. 6.

Valentine, 242, 4to., 1*l.* 6*s.* Higgs, 49, with extra illuſtrations, 63*l.* Lowndes, 722, 8*s.* 6*d.* Taylieure, 243, 4*s.* 6*d.* Haworth, 916, 1*l.* Haſlewood, 4to., with MSS. and additional illuſtrations, 5*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.* Bindley, 1*l.* 8*s.*, large paper. Prince, 7*l.*, 4to., with extra illuſtrations. Drury, 19*s.* Brockett, 1*l.* 10*s.* Stowe, 1*l.* 1*s.*, large paper. Utterſon, 2*l.* 5*s.* extra illuſtrations. Strettell, 7*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*, 4to., with proofs of the illuſtrations of the edition of 1815 inſerted. Baker, 4*l.* 4*s.*, with duplicate ſet of plates.

reprint, by Bagſter in 1808. This is the "talleſt" edition we have ſeen hitherto, overtopping, as it does, by a whole head and ſhoulders, its little duodecimo anceſtor of 1653. But the pigmy, as our readers are aware, was deſtined to become gigantic in its later growth.

Bagſter's preſent verſion was alſo printed in royal octavo and quarto,[1] and was, in all its forms, of a very comely preſence. It is Hawkins *redivivus* as regards the notes and biographies, but the new editor (Bagſter himſelf, we believe,) reviſed and made ſome additions to the former. The engravings are ſtill thoſe of Ryland from Wale, but executed afreſh from the original drawings, by Audinet, and in a very creditable ſtyle. The plates of fiſh are finely finiſhed, and faithful, and are the beſt aſſociated, hitherto, with the work. Dr. Bethune, indeed, doubts whether they have ſince been ſurpaſſed; but this is an injuſtice both to the ſeries that illuſtrated the following edition, and to the very fine ſet by Inſkipp in Pickering's edition of 1836.

Portraits of Walton, Cotton, and Hawkins, as well as of Sanderſon, Hooker, Wotton, Herbert, and Donne, were given in this re-iſſue, for the firſt time.

Much enthuſiaſm has been laviſhed on Bagſter's firſt edition. Mr. Symonds Higgs' quarto copy was illuſtrated with above two hundred and ſeventy prints and drawings, conſiſting of copies of rare portraits, proof impreſſions of plates of fiſh, topographical prints, monuments, &c. It was bound for him by Goſden, as we learn from a note in Higgs' ſale-catalogue,

[1] The quarto copies were publiſhed at five guineas, and are now very rare, great part of the ſtock having periſhed in the fire at Bagſter's warehouſe.

at five guineas price; the bands of the book being made of wood from the door of Cotton's fiſhing-houſe, taken off by Mr. Higgs near the lock, where he was ſure old Izaak muſt have touched it. It ſold for 63*l.* at the diſperſion of that gentleman's library.

Mr. Higgs, by the way, proved himſelf, in this latter inſtance, to be a ſingular mixture of the worſhipper and the iconoclaſt.

"Goſden's own illuſtrated copy," ſays Dr. Bethune "(if I make out correctly a pencilled note appended to the above), unbound, ſingle leaves, in a portfolio, was diſpoſed of at 110*l.*!"

It was probably about this period that angling-book collecting firſt took ſhape and conſiſtence. At all events, the earlieſt record of it, that has come under our obſervation, occurs in a ſale-catalogue of the library of Philip Splidt, Eſq. (1814), in which attention is ſpecially invited to a "very rare collection of books on angling." But that the taſte was not then what it was deſtined afterwards to become—one of the manifold phaſes of bibliomania—is evident from the circumſtance that this ſo-called rare collection conſiſted of but twenty-ſeven volumes, and that ſcarcely a ſingle work amongſt them merited the deſignation in any ſerious ſenſe.

How little zealous reſearch had, hitherto, been brought to bear on the queſtion, is ſhown by Mr. Ellis's "Catalogue of Books on Angling, with ſome brief notices of ſeveral of their authors," which he contributed to the "Britiſh Bibliographer" in 1811. This earlieſt regiſter of the literature of the ſport contains but eighty-ſix works, although it *ſhould* have included nearly twice that number.

Of the amount of labour accompliſhed ſince then, and of the large increaſe of angling-books, within the laſt fifty years, our readers will have an idea when we inform them that the lateſt liſt, the "New Bibliotheca Piſcatoria;"[1] for the compilation of which the preſent writer is reſponſible, includes no leſs than ſix hundred and fifty works on angling, and has ſince been conſiderably extended.

As regards the modern multiplication of ſuch books, there can be little queſtion that it is to be attributed leſs to the numerical increaſe of anglers, than to the improved character of the works themſelves, and to the wider range of ſubjects which they now embrace. Recent days have, in fact, brought back to the angler and his literature, a reaction and a rehabilitation. With Sir Humphrey Davy and Chriſtopher North was uſhered in an era of ſound, practical, philoſophical, and manly writers, who have ſucceeded in raiſing the art to a fair average level, as remote from the myſtical aſſumptions of the earlier epoch, as from the maudlin feebleneſs that ſtamped the period of its decadence. And with this poſition we have every reaſon to be ſatisfied.

Mr. H. R. Francis, in his clever Cambridge Eſſay,[2] entitled "The Fly Fiſher and his Library," recommends the aſſociation of a collection of angling-books with the plant of every angling club in the kingdom, a motion which we ſecond moſt cordially, recommending it, in particular to the adoption of the 'Walton and Cotton Club,' on which body corporate, from

[1] London. 'Field' Office, 346, Strand, 1861.

[2] London: J. W. Parker and Son, 1856, pp. 233-60.

its more metropolitan poſition, would ſeem to devolve the right of initiative.

By way of amendment we would ſuggeſt that ſuch libraries ſhould be coſmopolite in their character, and not excluſively Britiſh, as collections of the kind have hitherto been. So long as the Engliſh angler plied his craft within his inſular limits alone, his fartheſt-falling line never reaching beyond John o' Groat's houſe on the one hand, and the Land's End on the other, it was natural he ſhould be indifferent as to what foreign profeſſors might have to ſay of his ſport. But now, that he may cry with Ulyſſes,

> "I have become a name,
> For always roaming with a hungry heart"—

Now that *Ultima Thule* knows the ripple of his fly on its boreal waters—that the banks of Pyrenean ſtreams keep the track of his footprints—that Superior and Erie and Ontario have yielded to his ſkill their gigantic broods—that India and Africa have paid him tribute, and that, at laſt, even Auſtralian rivers are likely to be peopled by his inſtrumentality—now, in ſhort, that he has "whipped all creation," though not in the bellicoſe American ſenſe, ſurely it is time that his library doors ſhould be opened to the contributions of other lands and other languages.

Theſe contributions, as far as our inquiſition has gone, form barely one-third of the whole and are diſtributed thus: America ſupplies fourteen works, Denmark two, Holland nineteen, France ninety-five, Germany a hundred and fourteen, Italy

twenty-three, Norway one, Spain four, and Sweden five. While, on the other hand, the United Kingdom yields, for its quota, ſix hundred and four, proving, if indeed ſuch proof were needed, how far more deeply than elſewhere both the ſport and its literature have taken root among us.[1]

Bagſter's Second Edition, 1815.[2]

To return to the 'Compleat Angler,' we have now to take note of Bagſter's ſecond edition, iſſued in 1815, and printed in two ſizes, octavo and royal octavo.

The editorſhip, on this occaſion, was confided to Mr. Henry Ellis, of the Britiſh Muſeum, and whom we have juſt cited as the compiler of the firſt liſt of angling-books. His additions to the rapidly accumulating body of notes are mainly bibliographical and biographical, and require no ſpecial comment at our hands.

A freſh ſeries of plates of fiſh was given with this reprint, and they are, in our opinion, ſuperior to thoſe of 1808. A portrait of Walton, from the picture by Houſman as before, was alſo added.

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[1] The above ſtatiſtics are taken from a MS. copy of the 'New Bibliotheca Piſcatoria,' reviſed and greatly extended. The Engliſh department, however, includes the ſeries of works and pamphlets on the Fiſheries.

[2] Title (preceded by fac-ſimile title,) the ſame as in the foregoing edition. "London: Printed for Samuel Bagſter, in the Strand, by R. Watts, at Broxbourne, on the River Lea, Herts, MDCCCXV."

534 pages, including Index; 50 illuſtrations. Publiſhed at 1*l.* 4*s.*, and in royal octavo at 2*l.* 2*s.*

Valentine, 243, 13*s.*, large paper. Cotton, 171, 1*l.* 7*s.*, large paper. Haworth, 917, 15*s.*, large paper. Haſlewood, with additional illuſtrations, 4*l.*, large paper, and with rare portrait by Bovi, &c., 6*l.* 10*s.* Stace, 11*s.* Walſh, 78, 11*s.*, large paper. Higgs, 51, 3*l.* 12*s.* Pickering, 15*s.*

Great is our leaning, we confeſs, to this edition, which was printed in the village of Broxbourne, by the river Lea, and in the very footprints of old Izaak. The river itſelf meanders down the opening page, and ſeated under a pollard-willow, by Lea-ſide, with this book on our knee, we drop, readily, into a reverie. We ceaſe to *read* the page—we ſeem to *hear* the quiet monotone of the old man's voice, and are ſtartled, preſently, by the plaſhing of the water as he plays and lands his fiſh . . .

"Look you, there is a tryal of my ſkill! there is that very chub that I ſhowed you, with the white ſpot on his tail."

And the broad-leaved water-flags flap to and fro, as the wind ſtirs them, and the ſwallow dips, and the dragon-fly ruſtles by, and from a neighbouring copſe, a bird ſets up a mellow, joyous trill, whereat the quiet undertone reſumes[1] . . .

"Lo! there, the nightingale! another of our airy creatures, which breathes ſuch ſweet loud muſic out of her little inſtrumental throat, that it might make mankind to think miracles are not ceaſed. He that at midnight (when the very labourer ſleeps ſecurely) ſhould hear (as I have very often) the clear airs, the ſweet deſcants, the natural riſing and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth and ſay, Lord, what muſick haſt thou provided for the Saints in Heaven, when thou affordeſt bad men ſuch muſick on earth."

Pleaſant, too, for its own ſake, and dear to all anglers, is

[1] Speaking for Auceps.

that paſtoral, ſedgy Lea. Pleaſant always, as we ſee it mapped out in our memory of the long ago, with its broad reaches of paſture land on either ſide, outſpread in the morning twilight, white with dew, and dappled with kine; here and there, in the diſtance, a round-ſhouldered hill, or a clump of trees, tipped with a village ſpire—the gleaming of the river, broken, at intervals, with ruſtic bridges, and its banks girt with a thick belt of ſedge, out of which the God Pan might have plucked reeds manifold for his piping. We have learnt that river by heart, in a double ſenſe; it was the haunt of our boyhood, and we know every bend, and tumbling-bay, and pool in it. We could ſhow you where that chub, with the white ſpot on his tail, was taken; we could lead you blindfold to the pool, where Piſcator fiſhes out for Peter that opportune trout; and we could ſeat you (ſo unwavering are our illuſions) under that very honeyſuckle hedge, where maſter and pupil ſat diſcourſing of holy Mr. Herbert, and reciting his quaint, curious verſes, while the pattering of the ſpring ſhower died off among the leaves.

Many are the years ſince we trod thoſe familiar paths, and many the waters we have fiſhed ſince then. Now, all things are changed. Our feet bruſh the Ardennes heather as we hurry to our ſport, and inſtead of the level lowlands, we have red, precipitous walls of rock, thick foreſts, and a toſſing and foaming mountain river. We fill our creel fuller than we ever filled it of yore, but we are faithful to the old love ſtill, and were the choice given us, far rather would we be catching "logger-headed chub," in that Lea-water of our youth, than the moſt

ſpeckled of trout, or ſilver-ſided of ſalmon, in other, though immemorially famous ſtreams.

Between the two foregoing Waltons, Bagſter iſſued in 1810 a ſo-called fac-ſimile of the edition of 1653. We ſay ſo-called, becauſe, though the plates are in cloſe imitation of their prototypes, and were engraved on ſilver, in conformity with the common credence on the ſubject, there is no attempt at identity in the general getting up of the work. A portrait of Walton, engraved by Scott from the picture by Houſman, is prefixed.

Bagſter's Fac-ſimile, 1810.[1]

The ſtock of this edition ſhared the fate of that of 1808, and was partly conſumed in the fire at Bagſter's.

In 1822, Goſden, the ſporting bookbinder, preſented the world with *his* reprint of Walton, an octavo volume, with Hawkins' notes and biographies, and no other innovations than a new ſet of plates, and a preface, not written, we preſume, by Goſden himſelf, who, though an enthuſiaſtic lover of angling literature, was poſſeſſed of little education.

Goſden's Edition, 1822.[2]

[1] Title and collation of this edition the ſame as in that of 1653.

Half-title: "The Compleat Angler, by Iſaac Walton. London: MDCCCX. Printed for S. Bagſter, in the Strand."

Valentine, 228, 4*s*. Milner, 162, 1*l*. 1*s*., thick paper. Grace, 1076, 7*s*. Stace, 87, 5*s*. 6*d*. Lowndes, 723, 4*s*. 6*d*. Bindley, 14*s*. Cotton, 159, 5*s*. 6*d*. Walſh, 68, 4*s*. Pickering, 6*s*. Harward, 13*s*.

[2] Title the ſame as in Hawkins, 1784. "London: Printed for James Smith, 163, Strand, 1822." Some copies are dated 1825.

60 pages preliminary; 383 pages. 15 plates. Lowndes (1864) ſtates erroneouſly, 21.

Taylieure, 243, 5*s*. Cotton, 177, 2*l*. 5*s*. Milner, 161, 2*l*. 16*s*. Haſlewood, additional illuſtrations, 1*l*. Grace, 1080, 2*l*. 12*s*. 6*d*. Walſh, 79, 1*l*. 7*s*. Lowndes, 724, 2*l*. 14*s*. Duke of York, 16*s*.

The new plates are practical in their bearings, but ſcarcely in uniſon with the quaint character of the book. They are, in fact, anachroniſms. They did triple duty, being offered for ſale, in a ſeparate ſhape, and employed to illuſtrate the reprint of Zouch's Life of Walton, in 1823, and later. They were accompanied by portraits of Walton and Cotton, in mezzotint, the former from Houſman, the latter from Sir Peter Lely.

Goſden was a collector, as well as a trader; and there are few angling libraries, at the preſent day, that do not poſſeſs works adorned with one or other of his book-plates, and ſometimes enriched, beſides, with his very ungrammatical annotations.

The following year muſt be marked with a white ſtone, as a turning point in the fortunes of the 'Compleat Angler.'

Major's Firſt Edition, 1823.[1]

The work had held a high place, hitherto, in the eſteem of the judicious and diſcerning, but was deſtined, through the publication, in 1823, of Major's firſt edition, to attain to a wider

[1] "The Complete Angler of Izaak Walton and Charles Cotton: Extenſively embelliſhed with Engravings on Copper and Wood from original Paintings and Drawings, by firſt-rate Artiſts. To which are added, an Introductory Eſſay; the Linnæan Arrangement of the various River-Fiſh delineated in the Work; and Illuſtrative Notes. London: John Major, Fleet-Street, adjoining Serjeants'-Inn. MDCCCXXIII."

60 pages preliminary; 411 pages. 14 plates, and 77 woodcuts. Price 18*s.*, or large paper, 1*l.* 12*s.*

Taylieure, 244, 1*l.* 1*s.*, large paper, Valentine, 246, 10*s.* Cotton, 173-4, 8*s.*, and 2*l.* 14*s.*, large paper. Prince, 135, 1*l.* 8*s.* Haſlewood, duplicate proofs, 3*l.* 15*s.* Stace, 90, 1*l.* 4*s.* Lowndes, 725, 19*s.* Walſh, 80, 1*l.* 12*s.*, large paper. Higgs, 54, 2*l.* 19*s.* Brockett, 2*l.* 9*s.* Utterſon, with Zouch's Life of Walton, 2*l.* 7*s.*

range of circulation, and a greatly increaſed popularity. Dazzled as our eyes are with the ſplendour of our recent typographical ſucceſſes, we may wonder at the amount of admiration excited, forty years ago, by this pretty book, which was looked upon as a marvel in its kind, pointed out as ſuch on the ſhelves of libraries, or paſſed from hand to hand, amidſt the encomiums of delighted connoiſſeurs. And a pretty book it is, even now, the old drawings by Wale having been engraved for it, in more finiſhed ſtyle, by Cook and Pye, the woodcuts of fiſh ſkilfully executed, and the editing performed by a practiſed and competent hand.[1]

Unfortunately, its publiſher, not content with theſe advantages, thought it incumbent on him to add an "Introductory Eſſay," from his own pen, the effect of which is to mar the unity of the work. The writer, though worthy and inoffenſive, was vain, vulgar and ſilly, and his eſſay is preciſely what we ſhould expect from a ſhopkeeper turned man of letters, for the nonce. It is, in fact, a farrago of twaddle, from end to end. In one paſſage, he attempts to gloſs over Walton's humble poſition in early life, and eſtabliſh a claim for conſideration, not ſo much on his own intrinſic merits, as on the ground of his high relations and fine acquaintances; a piece of ſnobbiſhneſs, which draws down on him the juſtly indignant rebuke of Dr. Bethune:

"Impertinent is not a word ſtrong enough to characterize ſuch an attempt to put honeſt Izaak's worth on another footing

[1] Mr. R. Thomſon, Author of the "Chronicles of London Bridge," 1827.

than his own pious virtue and unaffected talent. If the ſimple-minded angler and writer of plain, artleſs Engliſh, could riſe from his grave, not all his meekneſs, nor even Major's beautiful edition, could prevent him from giving the man a fillip for thus putting tawdry on his decent garments. Eſpecially is ſuch a folly out of place in a preface to the 'Complete Angler,' throughout which, the humble author, unſpoiled by aſſociation with learned, dignified clergymen and others who had heaped praiſes on him, repreſents himſelf as a foot-traveller, content with a wayſide inn . . . nay, ready to ſhare his bed with the companion of his walks by the river ſide. Cotton was a gentleman, and put his collocutors on horſeback; Sir Humphrey Davy invites his friends to go an angling in a light carriage with him, as befitted a knighted philoſopher; let it be our comfort to know that good father Walton was the ready friend of the angler who goes afoot. Gentleman he was by orthography and ſpirit, but gentleman in any other ſenſe, he cared not to be. As he himſelf ſays, 'I would rather prove myſelf a gentleman, by being learned and humble, valiant and inoffenſive, virtuous and communicable, than by any fond oſtentation of riches, or, wanting thoſe virtues myſelf, boaſt that theſe were in my anceſtors. And yet I grant that where a noble and an ancient deſcent and ſuch virtues meet in any man, it is a double dignification of that perſon.' We ſhould not like him more—we could not like him leſs, if he had had 'all the blood of all the Howards.'"[1]

1. "The Complete Angler." New York, 1847, pp. lv-vii of the 'Bibliographical Preface.'

The above caſtigation is not a whit too ſevere, and we marvel that no contemporary critic was found to puniſh with the knout this wretched Eſſay, which is not only fawning and ſervile in its tone throughout, but has a click of the counter, beſides, that is eſpecially diſtaſteful.[1]

Major's Second Edition, 1824.[2]

So great was the ſucceſs of Major's publication, that a freſh iſſue was called for, in the following year, and a new ſet of plates, ſtill from Wale, given with it.[3] It was diſtinguiſhed

[1] To the edition of 1844, Major adds certain notes, which we quote here, that our readers may have the meaſure of the man's fatuity.

"On the appearance of the firſt Edition in 1823, Mr. D'Iſraeli, who ſomewhere ſpeaks of the Doric ſweetneſs of Izaak Walton, obſerved to me—'One often ſees a pretty book which is intereſting to a *particular claſs*; but you have hit on a work that *pleaſes everybody!*' And Mr. Alexander Chalmers was pleaſed to ſay that I had given quite a new tone to the ſubject, and had 'Waltonized the land!'

"For my own part I can only ſay that I had long been aſking myſelf in the language of Abraham Cowley, 'What ſhall I do to be for ever known?' And my good Genius whiſpered, 'Give your days and nights to *emblazon* the worth of Izaak Walton.'"

It is to be regretted that this good Genius did not, at the ſame time, point a proſpective veto in the direction of the Introductory Eſſay.

In another note he ſays: "The bantling is, in truth, my own, but its ſponſors are innumerable; one kind patron, a gentleman of fortune, uſed to ſay to his friends, 'You *muſt* have *this* edition, for *I* have a ſhare in it!' And a total ſtranger once aſſured me that he had beſtowed no leſs than ſix guineas on the binding of the work, as a ſpecimen of the ſkill of Charles Lewis!"

[2] Title the ſame as in the foregoing. Preliminary pages the ſame. Body of the work, 416 pages, the extenſion being in the notes. Price as before.

Cotton, 175-6, 2*l.* 9*s.*, and 1*l.* 1*s.* Lowndes, 726, 6*s.* 6*d.* Walſh, 81, (ſoiled) 14*s.*

[3] The old plates "*rebit*," ſays Bohn's Lowndes (1864), but a difference of

alſo by a copy of verſes from the pen of the editor, which were very properly ſuppreſſed in the fourth edition. Like its predeceſſor, it was printed in two ſizes, crown-octavo and octavo, and in the latter form the engravings were proof impreſſions. Both theſe books have maintained their place in public eſtimation, although far ſurpaſſed by the reprint of 1844.

Dove's Edition, n. d.[1]

We ſhall now have to chronicle, *currente calamo*, and without cloſe analyſis, ſeveral conſecutive editions. A revival of Hawkins, in 24mo., with portraits of the authors, printed by Dove, *circa* 1825.

Whittingham's Edition, 1824 and 1826.[2]

Another, prettily printed by Whittingham, 2 vols., 24mo., in 1824, and again in 1826. This is alſo a verbatim reprint of Hawkins, 1797.

Cole's Edition, n. d.[3]

An edition in 12mo. (no date), publiſhed by Cole. It has indifferent portraits of Walton and Cotton, and brief original biographies. This is ignored by Lowndes' recent editor.

ſize, and other variations, negative this ſtatement. The new ones were engraved by W. R. Smith.

[1] "The Complete Angler of Iſaac Walton and Charles Cotton. London: For the Proprietors of the Engliſh Claſſics." On the laſt page: "Printed by J. F. Dove, St. John's Square." 420 pages. 4*s*.

[2] "The Complete Angler of Izaak Walton and Charles Cotton. Chiſwick: Printed by C. Whittingham, College Houſe. Sold by Thomas Tegg, 73, Cheapſide; R. Jennings, Poultry, London: and Richard Griffin and Co., Glaſgow. 1824." 551 pages, and 8 preliminary. 9*s*.

To the edition of 1826, ſome woodcuts of fiſh were added, and one or two vignettes.

[3] "The Complete Angler; or, Contemplative Man's Recreation. By Iſaac Walton and Charles Cotton. Embelliſhed with Portraits of the Authors,

Alſo, Pickering's firſt edition, in 32mo., 1825. With a frontiſpiece by Stothard, and an engraved title (both of which were enlarged for the edition of 1836), and abridged biographies.

Pickering's Firſt Edition, 1825.[1]

This was followed by Pickering's ſecond edition, 1826, 24mo., with a portrait of Walton (dated 1827) and a vignette in the title-page (the milkmaid ſcene), alſo afterwards enlarged for the edition of 1836.

Pickering's Second Edition, 1826.[2]

In the laſt three editions, the annotation is ſuppreſſed.

In 1833, we have Profeſſor Rennie's firſt edition (12mo.), which, though publiſhed under cover of a ſcientific name, is, perhaps, the leaſt reſpectable of the entire ſeries. Flippancy and traſhineſs characteriſe moſt of the notes that bear the editor's ſign-manual. The reſt of the work is a reprint of Hawkins, with a catch-penny portrait, and ſome coarſe wood-cuts of fiſh added.

Rennie's Firſt Edition, 1833[3]

Owing, we preſume, to the low price of the book, it has

Rennie's ſeven further reprints, 1834, 1835, 1836, 1847, 1849, 1851, and 1857.[4]

and Engravings of the River-fiſh deſcribed in the work. London: Printed for William Cole, 10, Newgate Street." 314 pages, and 20 preliminary.

[1] "The Complete Angler; or the Contemplative Man's Recreation. Two Parts. The Firſt by Izaak Walton, The Second by Charles Cotton. London: William Pickering. MDCCCXXV." 318 pages, and 16 pages preliminary.

[2] Title as in the foregoing. "London: William Pickering. MDCCCXXVI." 330 pages, 25 preliminary.

[3] Firſt part of the title the ſame as in the edition of 1661. "With Lives and Notes. By Sir John Hawkins, Knight. Edited by James Rennie, A.M., Profeſſor of Zoology, King's College, London. Edinburgh: Publiſhed, for the Proprietors, by W. and R. Chambers, Edinburgh; W. Orr, London; and W. Curry, Jun. and Co., Dublin. MDCCCXXXIII." 328 pages.

[4] Edit. 1834, "Publiſhed by Allan Bell and Co., and Simpkin and Mar-

gained a certain currency, and no leſs than ſeven reprints have been iſſued by different publiſhers, at the ſeveral dates given in the margin. As they were all identical with the firſt, the duty of reviſion and improvement never ſeeming to have preſented itſelf to the profeſſorial mind, we ſhall not deem it neceſſary to refer to them again.

Major's Third Edition, 1835.[1]

In 1835, Major iſſued his third edition, but ſhorn of its ancient glories, the plates of all kinds being much worn and deteriorated. A portrait of Dr. Wharton, the "good man that dares do anything rather than tell an untruth," was its only new feature.

Lewis's Major, 1839.[2] Waſhbourne's Major, 1842.[3]

A reprint of Major, by Lewis, appeared in 1839 (cr. 8vo.), and another, by Waſhbourne, in 1842.

In theſe the 'Introductory Eſſay' was replaced by the old biographies of Walton and Cotton, by Hawkins.

ſhall; Fraſer and Co., Edinburgh; and W. Curry, Jun., and Co., Dublin."

Edit. 1835, "London: Thomas Tegg and Son, Cheapſide; R. Griffin, and Co., Glaſgow; Tegg, Wiſe, and Co., Dublin."

Edit. 1836, "London: Allan Bell and Co., Warwick Square."

Edit. 1847. This I have not met with.

Edit. 1849. "London: John Johnſon, 30, High Holborn; Thomas Johnſon, 22, Liveſey Street, Mancheſter."

Edit. (no date, but probably 1851), "Thomas Johnſon, Liveſey Street, Mancheſter."

Edit. 1857, "Halifax: Milner and Sowerby."

[1] "London: J. Major, Great Ruſſell-Street, Bloomſbury. Printed by W. Nicol, 51, Pall Mall. MDCCCXXXV."

[2] "London: L. A. Lewis, 125, Fleet Street. MDCCCXXXIX."

[3] "London: Henry Waſhbourne, Saliſbury Square, Fleet Street. MDCCCXLII." Price of this and the foregoing, 12s.

Anonymous Edit. n. d. (circa 1836).

Here we may ſlip in, at a venture, an anonymous edition, with a reduced fac-ſimile, cut in wood, for ſole title, and without date, printer's or publiſher's name.

Pickering's Third Edition, 1836.[1]

In 1836, we do obeiſance to Pickering's third edition, in which Walton's ſimple work puts on the purple of an unaccuſtomed ſovereignty, and is ſcarcely to be recogniſed in its new and ſplendid inveſtiture. The reſult of ſeven years' continuous labour, and of much patient reſearch and foſtering care on the part of its publiſher, this edition requires, more than moſt, our mature and critical conſideration.

It is in two tall volumes, the form being imperial octavo. Paper and type, as might be expected from a publiſher pre-eminent for the beauty of the books iſſued by him, are both admirable in their kind, and the title-page, as Mr. H. R. Francis rightly remarks, is of a perfection that might "trouble the ghoſts of the Aldi."

The illuſtrators are Stothard and Inſkipp, the former being charged with the ſcenic plates and the views of the localities,

[1] "The Complete Angler; or the Contemplative Man's Recreation. Being a Diſcourſe of Rivers, Fiſh-Ponds, Fiſh, and Fiſhing, written by Izaak Walton; and Inſtructions how to angle for a Trout or Grayling in a clear ſtream, by Charles Cotton. With original Memoirs and Notes, by Sir Harris Nicolas, K.C.M.G. (Underneath, an adaptation of the Aldine mark, with "Aldi Diſcip. Anglvs.") London: William Pickering, 1836."

214 pages preliminary; body of the work, 436 pages. 61 illuſtrations.

Prince, 5*l.* 18*s.*, and with 580 ancient and modern portraits, &c., 24*l.* 10*s.* Lowndes, 3*l.* 19*s.* Walſh, additional illuſtrations, 14*l.* 10*s.* Sotheby, 5*l.* 10*s.* Harwood, 5*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.* Bernal, with extra portraits and proof plates from Major's and Bagſter's Editions, and from other works on Angling, 3 vols. elephant ſize, morocco, 40*l.* Utterſon, extra illuſtrations, 14*l.*

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and the latter, principally, with the fiſh. The engravers are Fox, Cooke, Richardſon, and other eminent hands; and the editor, Sir Harris Nicolas, aſſiſted by ſeveral competent authorities, whoſe names he deſignates in his Preface.

The biographies extend to two hundred and twelve pages. The notes are of a moſt elaborate character—pedigrees of Walton, Cotton, and others are given, and a comprehenſive index is added, extending to thirty-ſix pages.

Such are the materials that go to make up theſe very noticeable volumes, which were iſſued[1] at the patrician price of ſix guineas for ordinary impreſſions, and ten guineas for proofs.

The ſentiment inſpired by a curſory ſurvey of them is, no doubt, one of pleaſure and admiration; but the after and more permanent impreſſion reſults, we are pained to confeſs, in a ſenſe of comparative failure. The book, ſooth to ſay, is a pompous book, and with much that is overdone in it. We ſeek for our modeſt king-cups and pimpernels, and find them buried beneath a heap of learned and heterogeneous lumber. We turn the pages over with a feeling of diſproportion, a perception of incongruity and unfitneſs. Inſkipp's fiſh, indeed, have all the force and freſhneſs of nature, and rejoice the eye; but Stothard's plates ſeem to us weak and ſilly, inſignificant, as regards the ſize of the work in which they figure, and unworthy, alike, both of it and the artiſt.

Stothard was probably ſelected for this taſk leſs for his eligibility, than from the fact of his being the painter *à la*

[1] In numbers, commencing 1835.

mode of the day. Of his graceful ſervices as a book-illuſtrator, we have a lively remembrance, but the 'Compleat Angler' ſeems to have lain beyond his beat, his genius being of that Watteauiſh character, that luxuriates more in Arcadian revels and the *fêtes champêtres* of conventional life, than in the embodiment of the ſimple Engliſh paſtoral. He was no angler, beſides, and the fact betrays itſelf, as might be expected, in many minute, but concluſive points. That his coſtumes, in theſe plates, are archæologically correct, in a general ſenſe, we doubt not, but that they are correct in their application to the angler, we refuſe to believe. All frill and frippery, Piſcator and his aſſociates are attired as if for a ſtroll, ſnuff-box and cane in hand, among the ſcented exquiſites of the Mall, rather than for rough encounter with brake and briar by the river ſide. Their faces, throughout, are weak and meaningleſs, and Piſcator, in the ſalutation plate, were it not for the rod he carries, might be miſtaken for a beggar, in eaſy circumſtances, imploring an alms.

The views of the localities, alſo, fall ſhort of the mark, for though truthful and preciſe, they are flat and meagre in the execution, and have an awkward knack of ſprawling acroſs the page.

The biographies, on the other hand, preſent the reader with ſeveral new facts, are very conſcientious and laborious, and leave but little in the way of *data* for any future gleaner in the ſame ſcanty field. But here, again, we have an editor who is no angler, a deficiency that is painfully felt as we peruſe theſe dryly written, matter-of-fact, unſympathetic pages, in

which no ſemblance of colour or vitality is given to the lay-figures they place before us. As raw material, parts of them (for there is much extraneous matter, and many points dilated on of infiniteſimally ſmall intereſt), may be uſefully employed by ſome future biographer of Walton, who, we truſt, will treat his ſubject from the angling, as well as the antiquarian and genealogical point of view, and pen his record, not in any duſky retreat of ſtudy—in air heavy with erudition, but under the green leaves and by the gurgling water—at Broxbourne, for inſtance, or pleaſant Amwell on the Hill.

This fine book, in a word, is over-dreſſed. It is Maudlin, the milkmaid, tricked out in a gown of brocade, with a mantle of cloth of gold. Pretty Maudlin were comelier far in her own artleſs attire, with a poſy for ſole adornment. But this is a ſin to be judged gently and tenderly, ſpringing, as it did, from over-love; Pickering's wiſh was to raiſe a worthy monument to Walton's fame, but, by a common error of judgment, he loſt ſight of the relation that ſhould always exiſt in ſuch a caſe between the memorial and the man, or his work commemorated.

On Corydon's grave we plant flowers amongſt the graſs—

> "Purple narciſſus, like the morning rays,
> Pale ganderglas and azure culverkays."[1]

We do not cruſh it beneath a weight of marble magnificence, pedeſtals, with their votive urns, or a coloſſal genius with gilded tears.

Nevertheleſs, as this monument *has* been reared, let us

[1] Denny's "Secrets of Angling," 1613.

accept it for what it is—one of the handſomeſt publications of modern times, an ornament to the Angler's Library, unique of its kind, and perhaps deſtined to remain ſo.

As for the huge amalgam of note upon note, and comment upon comment, we plead guilty, with no 'peradventure' this time, to a heatheniſh longing for a ſweeping and final clearance, ſuch as would give us the 'Compleat Angler,' illuſtrated and annotated, if you will, but by the artiſt's pencil alone, and in which we ſhould have Walton *ſolus*, not Walton baited and badgered by fifty learned profeſſors, all catechiſing, criticiſing, and cavilling at him at once.

Tilt's Edition, 1837.[1]

In 1837, we have a miniature reprint of Walton, by Tilt, in two volumes (24mo.), with neither notes, portraits, nor illuſtrations. This we regiſter and ſet aſide.

Major's laſt Edition, 1844.[2]

In 1844, appeared Major's fourth edition (the two by Lewis and Waſhbourne not having been publiſhed under his ſuperintendance). It was printed, as before, in two ſizes, crown-octavo and octavo. The obnoxious "Introductory Eſſay," aggravated by the abſurd additions we have quoted, ſtill ſticks to the work, like a burr; but with this our cenſure exhauſts itſelf; in other reſpects the volume approaches more nearly to

[1] "The Complete Angler. By Izaak Walton and Charles Cotton. London: Charles Tilt, 86, Fleet-ſtreet; I. Menzies, Edinburgh; T. Wardle, Philadelphia. MDCCCXXXVII." 301 pages.

[2] "Edited by John Major. Fourth edition. London: D. Bogue, Fleet-Street; H. Wix, New Bridge Street. MDCCCXLIV." Price 12*s.*, or large paper, 1*l.* 4*s.*

60 pages preliminary; 418 pages. 12 ſteel engravings; 74 woodcuts.

Prince, 1*l.* 6*s.*, large paper. Pickering, 1*l.* 2*s.*

our ideal of an edition conſiſtent in all its parts, than any of its predeceſſors or ſucceſſors.

Wale's deſigns, repeated *ad nauſeam*, are here ſuppreſſed, and a new ſeries, by Abſolon, ſubſtituted, embodying the ſame ſubjects, indeed, but conceived in no plagiariſtic ſpirit. They are quaint, unaffected, and pictureſque, and have the ſignal merit of ſeeming an emanation from and efflorescence of the book itſelf, rather than a ſet of artiſtic notions grafted on it.[1] The difficulty of a capable and conſcientious book-illuſtration is, in fact, great; renouncing his own individuality, at the outſet, the artiſt muſt make himſelf one with the author, muſt clothe himſelf with his genius, put on his moods, penetrate into the inner heart of his conceptions, and from thence tranſmute them, by the alchemy of his art, into form, colour, and expreſſion. Without this identity between author and artiſt there may be the aſſociation of pictures with books, but no book-*illuſtration*, properly ſo called; and our readers do not require to be told that ninety-nine out of a hundred of the pretty picture-books of the day belong to the former and defective category.

The woodcuts of fiſh, in Major's new iſſue, give the varying tones and ſurfaces with great ſucceſs; and the vignettes of ſcenery, by Creſwick and others, leave far behind them thoſe

[1] "The new deſigns by Abſolon," ſays Major, "form the crown of my preſent efforts; nothing could exceed his zeal whilſt they were on his eaſel; ſkilful anglers ſtood for the men, and fair and handſome ladies volunteered for the females; the reſult, I warmly anticipate, will come with a pleaſing ſurpriſe upon the minds of the moſt affectionate admirers of our author," p. xxxix.

of former editions. Some of theſe, indeed, are ſo charming as to ſuggeſt the idea of a more extenſive illuſtration of the 'Compleat Angler,' confined entirely to this department of art, which ſeems ſpecially adapted for the adornment of books treating of country purſuits and paſtimes, and which poſſeſſes a freſhneſs, freedom, and artleſſneſs that we ſeek for in vain from the more ambitious burin. Vignettes we poſſeſs by the Foſters and the Creſwicks of the day—ſketches of ſylvan ſcenery, in which we almoſt *ſee* the leaves lifted by the ſummer wind, and *hear* the plaſhing of the waterfall as it tumbles, all froth and foam, over the weir. Thus our boſky dells and dingles, our green Engliſh lanes, our ſilver-threaded brooks, our wood-openings, with their delicate tracery of boughs againſt a pale ſky, and their intricate network of leaves and ſpray, are ſubjects that have paſſed of right into the hands of the artiſt in wood, as their fitting interpreter. While, on the other hand, in caſes demanding greater depth of tone and treatment—the ſavage auſterity of bare rock and windy ravine, the ruggedneſs of immemorial foreſts, with their gaunt and blaſted trunks, or the chaotic tumult of a ſky blurred and blackened with tempeſt, a modern inſtance, in Guſtave Doré's illuſtrations of Dante's 'Inferno,' prove that appeal may be made with equal ſucceſs to the ſame ſchool of engraving, a ſchool that, from its recent development, ſeems deſtined to rule paramount over all others.

The next addition to our rapidly lengthening liſt is the

The American Editions, 1847,[1] 1848, and 1852.

[1] "The Complete Angler; or, the Contemplative Man's Recreation. By Iſaac Walton. And Inſtructions how to angle for a Trout or Grayling in a

American reprint, publiſhed at New York in 1847, under the editorial auſpices of Dr. G. W. Bethune. Could we admit the neceſſity of erudition in this caſe, we ſhould be diſpoſed to aſſign to Dr. Bethune's verſion a foremoſt rank in the annotated ſeries.

The wiſdom he brings to bear on his taſk is of the benevolent order, cordial, reverent, and ſympathetic, and his criticiſm has nothing in common either with the flippant or dry-as-duſt ſchool. For the lover of angling-books, and for the collector eſpecially, there is no edition ſo uſeful as this. In his "Bibliographical Preface," the editor gives an extended *catalogue raiſonné* of the earlier literature of the ſport, and in the Appendix, we have his "Waltonian Library," or liſt of angling books, including ſome three hundred works, beſides many on ichthyology.[1] He gives us alſo an enlarged liſt of

Clear Stream. By Charles Cotton. With copious Notes, for the moſt part original, a bibliographical Preface, giving an Account of Fiſhing and Fiſhing-Books, from the earlieſt Antiquity to the time of Walton, and a notice of Cotton and his writings, by the American Editor. To which is added an Appendix, including illuſtrative Ballads, Muſic, Papers on American Fiſhing, and the moſt complete Catalogue of Books on Angling, &c., ever printed. Alſo a general Index to the whole work. New York: John Wiley, 167, Broadway. 1847."

Part I., 112 pages, preliminary; 249 pages. Part II., 29 pages preliminary; 210 pages. Some copies were printed on large paper.

Prince, 1*l.* 5*s.*, large paper. Sotheby's, with duplicate ſet of woodcuts, 15*s.* Puttick, alſo with duplicate ſet, 12*s.*

[1] In Mr. J. Wynne's "Private Libraries of New York," we find the following mention of Dr. Bethune and his Angling Library:—

"During the darker ſeaſons of the year, when forbidden the actual uſe of his rod, our friend has occupied himſelf with excurſions through ſale catalogues,

the authorities referred to by Walton, another of the books formerly belonging to him, (and containing his autograph inſcriptions,) in the Cathedral Library of Saliſbury—a third, of thoſe which have been attributed to him; and a fourth, of the works of Cotton. Theſe *addenda* are gathered, of courſe, from various known ſources, but no where elſe do we find united ſo complete a body of angling-book ſtatiſtics, and ſo large an accumulation of collateral data.

Of the getting-up of the volume, we cannot ſpeak with praiſe. It is behind the time; the type, blunt and blotty, the illuſtrations, (a few worn-out plates, borrowed from Major, 1844,) a diſgrace. The intrinſic merit of the work, however, is ſo great, that we hope ſome day to ſee it taken up by a more liberal publiſher on our own ſide of the Atlantic, and re-iſſued with all the honours. Two further editions appeared in 1848 and 1852.

In 1851, we have to notice an edition, in crown octavo, Cauſton's Edition, 1851.[1]

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fiſhing out from their dingy pages whatever tends to honour his favourite author and favourite art, ſo that his ſpoils now number nearly five hundred volumes of all ſizes and dates. Pains have been taken to have, not only copies of the works included by the liſt, but alſo the ſeveral editions; and when it is of a work mentioned by Walton, an edition which the good old man himſelf may have ſeen. Thus the collection has all the editions of Walton, Cotton and Venables in exiſtence, and, with but few exceptions, all the works referred to by Walton, or which tend to illuſtrate his favourite rambles by the Lea or the Dove. Every ſcrap of Walton's writing, and every compliment paid to him, have been carefully gathered and garnered up, with prints and autographs, and ſome precious manuſcripts. Nor does the department end here; but embraces moſt of the older and many of the modern writers on ichthyology and angling."

[1] "With a new Introduction and Notes; and embelliſhed with eighty-five

publiſhed by Henry Kent Cauſton, who, on the ſtrength of his deſcent from the Richard and Henry Cauſton figuring as printers and publiſhers of Moſes Browne's revival (1772), finds it incumbent on him to attempt a quixotic rehabilitation of Browne's editing, and even to perpetuate ſome of his "expurgations," and all his notes.

In a diſtracting-looking, but not ill-written "Introduction," he gives a ſummary of Walton's career, and examines the various and conflicting evidence brought to bear on the ſubject, dealing about him the while ſome heavy blows, eſpecially in the direction of genealogical editors.

He perpetuates, alſo, we are ſorry to ſay, Wale's ſeries of drawings borrowed from Major, and which in this, their laſt ſtage of evaporation, look ghaſtly and impalpable as ghoſts at noon-day. Shabby in its externals, this book ſeems to have enjoyed but a neglected exiſtence and has already paſſed out of ſight.

'Ephemera's' Editions, 1853, 1854, and 1859.[1]

Two years later Meſſrs. Ingram and Cooke preſent us, in their "Illuſtrated Library," with the 'Complete Angler,' edited by 'Ephemera' (Fitzgibbon), of 'Bell's Life,' who grafts on it, in notes and appendices, his own ſyſtem of the

Engravings on Copper and Wood. London: Henry Kent Cauſton. MDCCCLI." 418 pages; 68 pages preliminary.

[1] "New Edition. Edited by 'Ephemera,' of 'Bell's Life in London.' London: Ingram, Cooke, and Co. MDCCCLIII." 317 pages.

Edit. 1854. "Second Edition. London: Nathaniel Cooke, Milford Houſe, Strand."

Edit. 1859. "London: Routledge, Warnes, and Routledge, Farringdon Street. New York: 56, Walker Street."

practice of the ſport as expounded more fully in his "Hand-Book of Angling." This edition, on practical, working grounds, deſerves commendation. It is adorned with ſome ſketchy woodcuts and plates of fiſh and flies. A freſh iſſue was called for in 1854, and a third publiſhed by Meſſrs. Routledge and Co. in 1859. The two latter iſſues, however, are but paginary reprints.

Jeſſe's Edition, 1856.[1]

Turning the various verſions over in his mind, Mr. Edward Jeſſe, in 1856, conſidered himſelf called upon to add yet another to the number, and into this he 'ſhoots,' to uſe a carter's phraſe, a heap of his own notes, on the top of the already vaſt accumulation. At this ſtage of the proceeding we have to ſtand tip-toe to ſee Walton at all. Mr. Jeſſe is known as a man of amiable manners, ſome knowledge of natural hiſtory, and a very elaſtic credulity, and we ſay grace over his notes . . . but partake not.

Mr. Bohn, on the other hand, as publiſher of the work,

[1] "The Complete Angler; or the Contemplative Man's Recreation, of Izaak Walton and Charles Cotton. With Lives of the Authors, and variorum Notes, hiſtorical and practical. Edited by Edward Jeſſe, Eſq. To which are added, papers on Fiſhing Tackle, Fiſhing Stations, &c. By Henry G. Bohn. London: Henry G. Bohn, York Street, Covent Garden. MDCCCLVI."

496 pages; 29 pages preliminary. Price 7*s.* 6*d.* with the extra ſteel engravings, and 5*s.* without. Poſt 8vo. According to Bohn's Lowndes (1864) the copies with extra illuſtrations were only iſſued in 1861.

The Biographies are a *refacimento* of thoſe by Hawkins.

We may mention here that the reprint of the "Bibliographer's Manual" juſt cited, regiſters but forty-two editions of the 'Compleat Angler,' inſtead of fifty-three.

drives into it *vi et armis*, 'neck and crop,' and in other forcible fashions, an indiscriminate swarm of woodcuts, line-engravings, &c., recruited from various sources, and making up a patch-work of illustration to keep in countenance the patch-work of notes. Reading the 'Compleat Angler' under such circumstances can only be compared to the study of 'Bradshaw,' in its effect on the brain. *Caveat lector et emptor!*

Groombridge's Edition, 1858.[1]

In 1858 we have Groombridge's miniature reprint, (24mo.), in two volumes, apparently a re-issue of Tilt's edition (1837), and acceptable on the same grounds, namely, the absence of all tags and tassels, and the merit of a plain and unperplexed text; while, in the following year, we are startled by a German translation (octavo, published at Hamburgh) of 'Ephemera's' edition, in which we find the translator apologising to his readers for old Izaak's lengthiness, wordiness, and heaviness. He professes to esteem the work, indeed, but in a professional sense alone, and this narrowness of appreciation gives us the measure of his capability.

German Translation, 1859.[2]

In France, Walton has met with even less recognition; the only translation that we have encountered (and that a very garbled and unfaithful one) of some brief portions of his dialogue, appears in "Le Pecheur à la Mouche Artificielle," by Charles de Massas, and is contributed to that publication

[1] "London: Groombridge and Sons, Paternoster Row, 1858." 301 pages.

[2] "Der Vollkommene Angler von Isaac Walton und Charles Cotton, herausgegeben von Ephemera, überfetzt von J. Schumacher. Hamburg: P. Salomon & Co. 1859."
308 pages; 12 preliminary.

by a certain 'Alfred d'Angleville,' who accompanies it with the collateral aſſurance that Walton's work is quite unworthy of French readers, and will be very properly replaced by de Maſſas' performances.

Nattali and Bond's re-iſſue of Pickering's Edition of 1836, 1860.[1]

In 1860, we have to notice Meſſrs. Nattali and Bond's re-iſſue of Pickering's edition of 1836, in two volumes, imperial octavo, at a reduced price, and with ſundry other reductions conſequent thereupon; inferior paper, for inſtance, worn plates, and a general decadence of ſtyle.

The text remains unaltered, even one or two notable blunders being left uncorrected.

Bell and Daldy's Edition, 1863.[2]

Finally, in 1863, we take note of a pocket edition by Meſſrs. Bell and Daldy; the ſimple text alone, but praiſe-worthy for its faithfulneſs and the beauty of its typography.

Here our taſk ends—the ultimate mileſtone on the long road of more than two hundred years being reached at laſt. Through our window, as we write theſe cloſing lines, ſtreams cheerily, (and with a ſhimmer of young leaves and buzzing of inſect wings,) the May ſunſhine—that ſunſhine that, of yore, gladdened Piſcator on his way through the Lea-ſide meadows to his ſport at matin-ſong, and that broods, we are fain to believe, with a ſoftened radiance now, on his honoured grave in the grey pile of Wincheſter. Peace be to his aſhes!—for his fame we have no fear; the bygone centuries have given their conſecration to his work, the centuries to come will ratify that

[1] "Second Edition. London: Nattali and Bond. 1860."

[2] "London: Bell and Daldy, 186, Fleet Street; and Sampſon Low, Son, and Co., 47, Ludgate Hill. 1863." 304 pages.

conſecration anew. How much of good and great the future may have in ſtore for it, it is not our province to predict. Suffice it that looking up to the ſhelves of our Angling Library and to the FIFTY-THREE ſeveral editions chronicled in theſe pages, we may ſay already for the Father of Fiſhermen, what he were too modeſt to ſay for himſelf could he return amongſt us—

"Si monumentum requiris,
Circumſpice!"

FINIS.

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